The New Statesman and Nation, June 21, 1952

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Weekend Review

Vol. XLIII. No. 1111 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1952 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 717
A BAD LOOK OUT FOR BROADCASTING . . 720
CAN AMERICA MUDDLE THROUGH? By Kingsley Martin 720
LONDON DIARY. By Critic 721
THIS ENGLAND 722
THE CRAFTY KOREAN. By Sagittarius . . 722
THE NEW WEST AFRICA—V. By Basil Davidson 722
ON SELSEY BILL. By Mervyn Jones . . 723
GOLDEN GOA. By Norman Lewis . . . 724
FISH. By G. W. Stonier 726
FRENCH BASKET. By Len Ortzen . . . 726
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
Aldeburgh. By Andrew Porter . . . 728
Lesser Than Macbeth. By T. C. Worsley . 728
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 728
Radio Notes. By Naomi Lewis . . . 729
CORRESPONDENCE 730
From A. E. Tiffin; Morgan Phillips; N. Coghill, and others; Philip Wilson; Willi Eichler; Raymond Mortimer; S. K. Ratcliffe; Christopher Brunel; J. H. Lawrie, and others; E. K. Featherstone; J. Miller; the late Sir Desmond MacCarthy, and others.
FLOREAT BIBLIOMANIA! By A. N. L. Munby . 733
Reviews by V. S. Pritchett; Alan Ross; Enid Starkie; Angus Wilson; Honor Tracy; Ralph Partridge; Frank Hauser; Geoffrey Grigson; R. St. C. Talboys.
SOME HOLIDAY BOOKS . . . . . Page 743
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Graham Greene . 745
DIALOGUE ON THE HEADLAND. By Robert Graves 746
REVIEWS:
Misunderstood. By John Freeman . . 746
The Meaning of the Dance. By Anthony Curtis 746
New Novels. By J. D. Scott 748
CURRENT REVIEWS 750
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 751
CHESS. By Assiac 752
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square . . 752

Heads Buried in the Sand

ALMOST every newspaper has drawn the obvious contrast between the Prime Minister's alarming description of the "trap door underneath our feet" and the Chancellor's soothing reassurance on the very next day. These discrepancies are of secondary importance. What is really disturbing is the unanimity with which Mr. Butler and Mr. Gaitskell are still concealing—from themselves as well as from the public—the real nature of the crisis that we face. Apparently they are agreed on two things: that rearmament has nothing much to do with the crisis, and that, anyway, it must be continued at its present level. Mr. Gaitskell blandly denies that the effect of the Defence programme on our engineering industry is a prime cause of our difficulties, and a fortnight ago the T.U.C. solemnly suggested that we now need rearmament to prevent unemployment!

It is time to remind ourselves of one or two facts which Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Butler and the T.U.C. seem determined to suppress. For two successive years capital investment has been slashed and the Budget used to prevent industry from continuing the modernisation which between 1946 and 1950 produced a total increase by one-third in British industrial productivity. Since this cut in capital investment was undertaken precisely in order to switch plant and labour from industrial re-equipment to the Defence programme, how can anyone deny that rearmament vitally affects our export prospects, especially at a time when Germany and Japan are invading our markets and the U.S. is still investing ten times as much as we are in new machinery? And how can either Mr. Butler or Mr. Gaitskell hope to achieve a satisfactory trade balance when they know that, at least until the end of 1954, the productivity and industrial efficiency of our three main competitors will be racing ahead of our own?

But it is not only capital investment which is being sacrificed. Despite Mr. Gaitskell, it is fairly clear that the chance of bridging the trade gap by stepping up textile exports is remote; engineering is the only field in which we can hope for a really large and sustained increase of overseas trade. One outstanding example is civil jet aircraft. A year ago the Comet had given us a five-year lead over all our competitors. To-day, this opportunity is being jeopardised in order to re-equip the R.A.F., just as the export of motor cars and commercial vehicles (which largely depends on reducing prices by long runs of volume production) is being endangered by diversion of plant, labour and material to Defence orders.

What makes this policy so insane is that not one of our competitors is subjecting his economy to these distortions. Mr. Truman has officially stated that the U.S. has no intention of cutting either capital investment or American living standards for the sake of the Defence programme; and Mr. Taft and Mr. Eisenhower have entered into a Dutch auction of promises to slash the bill for Defence and military aid. It is the same story with regard to manpower. Conscription removes our young men out of production for two whole years. No other member of the Commonwealth has any form of conscription except Australia, which has a six-month period. Even in the U.S., engaged on a full-scale war in Korea, there is only a selective draft, under which 45 per cent. of the draftees are rejected on medical grounds. And now, to cap the story, Mr. Eden has gaily signed away our right to occupation costs in Germany after June of next year. Instead of the Germans contributing $360 m. annually to the cost of B.A.O.R., we are to contribute up to this amount of dollars each year for the re-armament of Germany!

If it were proven that the danger of war is both overriding and immediate, the extreme of economic sacrifice, including a heavy British contribution to the cost of a new Wehrmacht (if it happened to be on our side!) might be justified. What is indefensible is the attempt to dupe the British people into the idea that the present rate of rearmament is something this country can manage quite well if it works hard, and that it is therefore irrelevant to the economic crisis. Those who talk in this way are burying their heads in the sand.

Fares and Economies

Mr. Churchill's intervention in the affairs of the Transport Commission is to cost that body approximately two-thirds of the small and precarious surplus which it achieved—for the first time since its establishment—in 1951. Londoners are to be let off about £1,250,000 in a full year of the £11-£12 millions they were to pay under the Tribunal's award, and provincial travellers are to be relieved to the extent of about £660,000 in respect of the prospective increases. Thus the main parts of the Tribunal's decision stand, and the new concessions are only meant to meet exceptional hard cases—a "hard case" being reckoned in terms of the increase over past fares rather than of the cost of running the particular services. The monthly return ticket is still to disappear: the concessions are principally in respect of seasons and early morning (formerly workmen's) tickets and of the length of fare stages on London's buses. Londoners, though their grievance is apparently admitted, are to go on paying the higher fares already introduced until August; and in August provincial travellers too are to pay more. The whole plan has lost in logic what it may have gained in acceptability to those who stood to suffer most. The most serious thing is that the Government has introduced a new principle in dictating what the Transport Commission is to be allowed to charge and has thus undermined, if not destroyed, the force of the statutory provision that the Commission is to pay its way. Introducing "politics" in a public service was a rash tactic, for which the country may pay dear.

Japan's Come-back

The Indo-Japanese Treaty coincides with Japan's come-back as a leading industrial power in Asia. Japanese firms had already arranged to sell railway rolling stock and equipment to India, and Japanese business men are negotiating with the Indian Government on a plan for establishing a big joint steel enterprise in India. The question of reparations, which is the main source of difficulties in similar Treaties with Burma and Indonesia, is less important in India (which was not occupied), and she waives all reparation claims against Japan. The Cabinets of Burma and Indonesia are both considering bilateral treaties with Japan, which now has a goodwill mission touring South-East Asia that is expected to smooth out some of the difficulties. Its leader, Mr. Ogata, told a press conference in Rangoon that his mission "would inform the South-East Asian people of the policy and achievements of new Japan and seek the possibility of economic co-operation in South-East Asia." In Delhi he added that his purpose was to learn whether Japan's technical knowledge could be used to raise the low standards of living in Asian countries. These phrases have a familiar ring, and many Asian newspapers have asked editorially whether the hand now extended in friendship will not strike again when time and circumstances permit. Conscious of these suspicions, prominent Japanese in Tokio have sponsored an Asian Friendship Society, composed of resident Asian communities. Its first manifesto calls for Asian unity and rejects Japan's war-time aggressive "co-prosperity" schemes. But two question marks remain—Japan's relations with China and the degree to which it can have any foreign policy independent of America.

Federation in Africa

The scheme for turning the self-governing colony of Southern Rhodesia and the Protectorates of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland into the "Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland" differs little in form, and not at all in substance, from the earlier proposals ventilated last year. There would be no African Federal Minister but an African Affairs Board of seven persons nominated by the Governors and the Governor-General; only three of these would have to be Africans. This Board would have the right to enter objections to federal Bills, and such Bills would then require the consent of Her Majesty's Government. Otherwise the new proposals follow a well-worn track towards the aspiration of White-settler government in the two northern territories as well as in Southern Rhodesia. They provide that Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland would retain their Protectorate status in matters concerning African affairs; but the value of such safeguards, once these big concessions to White settler authority were made, must be highly questionable in the light of experience in the Union of South Africa and Southern Rhodesia. The safeguards are in any event of a purely negative nature, for nothing in this week's White Paper opens a new avenue for African development in these territories. Great efforts, however, are to be made, apparently, to popularise these proposals with Africans in the Protectorates before they are submitted to another conference, and later, to a referendum of the Whites of Southern Rhodesia.

Colonial Import Policy

It is to be hoped that textile manufacturers will make the best possible use of the presence in this country of Mr. A. C. Nwapa, the Nigerian Minister for Commerce and Industries, in order to increase appropriately priced textile exports to Nigeria. They should be helped by the restrictions which the Nigerian Government is now placing on Japanese imports, as part of an effort to help the general balance of payments of the sterling area. Most British colonial governments are already applying such restrictions—in response to a request from the Colonial Secretary earlier this year—and the East African Territories have temporarily suspended Japanese imports. They can do this, in spite of G.A.T.T. (the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs), because such restrictions are motivated by "balance of payments reasons," although G.A.T.T. forbids discriminatory tariffs and quotas. Mr. Nwapa's visit provides an opportunity to see whether this additional limitation on Nigerian foreign trade can be matched by British efforts to make British textile exports cover the Japanese supply without imposing economic burdens on the Nigerian consumer. Nigeria is already subsidising Britain's dollar deficit, as noted in an article on another page, by forgoing a good many of the dollars which it earns: it will be unrealistic to expect Nigerian Ministers to arrange for their people to pay more for shirts and sheets than the Japanese ask.

Shopkeeping Nation

The statisticians have thus far largely neglected the retail shops. We have nothing, for instance, that compares at all with American data on retail and department store sales and inventories, which are both valuable economic indices. The new Board of Trade survey (*Britain's Shops*: 3s. 6d.) fills the most obvious gaps; but it is only a beginning, and one that was made incidentally to a wider census. It does, however, bring out the obsolete and haphazard pattern of British retail trade, which has far too many marginal outlets. There are 551,214 shops—one to every 89 people—and 160,574 service establishments, such as restaurants, hairdressers, garages and shoe repairers. It is clear that a large number of these must be one- or two-man businesses, but there is no indication of relative size in this survey. Before it is possible to plan retail trade, it is essential to know how it is shared. What proportion, for example, is taken by firms with a turnover of more than fifty pounds a week, a hundred, a thousand, twenty thousand? We also need some idea of the structure of each trade. Monopoly trends are most pronounced among department stores, and, one imagines, least evident among tobacconists and newsagents—the traditional one-man shop at the street corner. All this survey provides are the national totals, and corresponding figures for counties and towns of over 100,000 population. It contains enough data to show that there are too many shops, but not to suggest any obvious pattern of reorganisation.

The S.P.D.: An Apology

In an article entitled "The Pact of Bonn," which appeared in our issue of May 31, we stated that a meeting had taken place in Vienna between representatives of the German Social Democrats and the Socialist Unity Party of the Eastern Zone at which genuine co-operation in free elections was discussed. The report further stated that an agreement might have been reached between the representatives of the two parties "had it not been bitterly opposed at Bonn by the French Socialist delegation."

In view of the categorical repudiation which appears in our letter columns from Herr Eichler, a leading member of the Executive of the German Social Democratic Party, we are glad unreservedly to withdraw these statements and to express our regrets to Herr Eichler and his colleagues for thus misrepresenting them.

PARIS

Witch-Hunt Reactions

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Several members of the Pinay Government, among them M. Pleven, the Minister of Defence, are becoming increasingly convinced that it was a mistake to lock up M. Duclos. There is already much talk of his being shortly released, despite violent resistance from M. Brune, Minister of Interior, and M. Martinaud-Déplat, Minister of Justice and chief instigator of the anti-Communist hunt. Both of these Ministers would like to go right ahead; but, from the Government point of view, the hunt has produced two disturbing reactions.

First, if the C.P. rank-and-file were at first stunned by what happened—and their stunned condition was reflected in the failure of the strike of June 4—there are clear signs of a "last trench" *mystique* growing among them, as could, indeed

be witnessed from the enthusiasm and fighting spirit that marked the Communist meeting at the Velodrome d'Hiver last Thursday, when 40,000 people packed into the hall, and cheered the place down at every mention of Duclos.

Secondly, there is the reaction amongst the intellectuals—even on the Right. The *choc psychologique* inside the C.P. is perhaps best described by M. Etienne Borne, the chief philosopher of the M.R.P., who wrote in *Forces Nouvelles* this week that "the real victors of the Communists" were not those who put Duclos in prison, but those, who, over the years, had, "step by step, and in full conformity with republican legality, reduced the Communists to the state of a helpless Opposition party." That, he suggests, is precisely what they now may cease to be.

> If this policy of violent repression goes on, right up to the outlawing of the C.P., the growing isolation of the Communists will be rapidly checked; they will gain a large number of sympathisers amongst all Left-wing groups. There is one kind of anti-Communism which is a national, intellectual and spiritual duty; but there is also a purely negative anti-Communism which acts as a mask to every kind of political and social reaction.

He adds that most of the 5 million people in France voting Communist are not "Stalinists," but people who have every reason to be dissatisfied with an economic system which consists in enriching the rich and impoverishing the poor. In France the C.P. is the Party of the Underdog—a role the Socialist Party has unhappily failed to assume.

This *crise de conscience* about the C.P. hunt has spread even to the more thinking people on the Right. François Mauriac speaks of the Government's "purely negative" victory; for, even if the strike was a failure, the working class of France will still go on voting solidly for the Communists, and will go on believing in Russia, so long as they have every reason to be nauseated by the present social order in France, and so long as they have no reason to believe in the vaunted virtues of the Western World. This article by Mauriac appeared on Wednesday, and the *Figaro* office must have been in a nice stew for days, for on Saturday the editor, M. Brisson, came out with an hysterical article about the Communist fiend. He repeated, almost word for word, the original (and already fully discredited) police charges against Duclos at the moment of his arrest. On the whole, however, anti-Communist feeling is hard to maintain in the light of Senator Brian MacMahon's plea for the manufacture of "thousands" of H-bombs, each one "a thousand times stronger than the A-bomb"—the kind of story that upset a lot of people in France.

WASHINGTON

In the Family Tradition

Our Washington Correspondent writes: The Democrats are daily growing more cock-a-hoop. President Truman, who is the party's most ebullient optimist as well as its shrewdest politician, remarked some time ago that the Republicans could always be relied upon to do something to lose the election, and now it seems that Senator Taft has almost done it already. His forces are well in control of the Republican Convention machinery. If steam-roller tactics and manipulation were all that counted Taft would be already nominated. But the high-handed methods he has chosen have so alienated the rest of the party, let alone the rest of the country, that his chances of winning the election as well as the nomination are now regarded as slim.

The fast ones that he has pulled in changing the ground-rules for selecting delegates from Indiana, the theft of the Texas delegation, the hand-picking of the Convention officers, all pale into insignificance compared with the planting of General MacArthur as the keynote speaker. The keynote address is supposed to unite the party, not to divide it. The last time an open supporter of one candidate made the keynote address was in 1912, when the Senator's father, corpulent President William Howard Taft, was standing for renomination. Theodore Roosevelt was attempting to make a come-back, despite the open opposition of the Republican Old Guard. Roosevelt had won many of the primary elections. He was clearly the more popular candidate. Taft was the choice of the party conservatives and the controlling machine. Taft's men not only made the keynote speech but arranged the permanent seating of disputed delegates. Taft won the nomination, split his party, caused Teddy Roosevelt to walk out and form a third party and brought Woodrow Wilson into the White House.

Though Ike's men are unlikely to walk out, the quarrel may well wreck the G.O.P.'s chances. There is, indeed, a growing conviction among those independents who would like to see the continuation of the two-party system that the Republican Old Guard must take a trouncing under Taft's leadership before any reasonable alternative government is in view. For the last 12 years the Old Guard has been able, like the German General Staff, to take comfort from the stab-in-the-back theory. Their steady defeats at the polls were attributed to nominating a "me-tooer." Another defeat, with "Mr. Republican" himself as the standard bearer, might destroy both the myth and the Old Guard.

MacArthur's function appears to be to sell the wavering Republicans the theory that no General is fit to be President. The choice is a curious one. MacArthur himself did nothing to discourage his friends from throwing his own peaked cap into the ring four years ago. Moreover, unlike Ike, he has not had the grace to retire formally from the Army before indulging in open political activity. It is flatly against army regulations for any officer to speak at a political convention, and MacArthur, though inactive, still draws his full pay. Truman, whose courage in dealing with MacArthur will never be called into question, is carefully refraining from intervention. MacArthur is not a hero to every Republican, and there is no particular point in a Democrat making him a martyr now.

Moreover, Truman's eye is on November, not on July. He is in the relaxed and unique position of not caring very much who is nominated. He is very careful, however, to do the things that will be politically useful in November. American elections are not always won by taking the popular line on any one issue. They are more often won by appealing to passionately concerned minorities. One obvious one is the Negro population, and Mr. Truman, in his speech to Howard University, went all the way down the line for a civil rights programme at least as bold as the one which caused the Dixiecrat revolt four years ago. His handling of the steel issue is equally a case in point. If maintaining the output, or at least some substantial output of steel were all that worried him, he would no doubt have invoked the Taft-Hartley Act, as the Senate has told him to do, and as a majority of the American people would like him to do. But it is a safe bet that by November the steel dispute will long have been settled, one way or the other. Those who to-day might vote against the Democrats because of Truman's handling of the steel controversy will be thinking about other things. But organised labour, which in the United States is a minority, will not forget, and the phrase "Taft-Hartley" will still evoke an emotional response, particularly if one of the names on the ballot is Taft.

WESTMINSTER

A Bad Ten Days

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The Government has had a bad ten days since Parliament resumed after the Whitsun recess. In the Commons, four important occasions have all in one way or another gone badly. The statement on the disturbances among the Bamangwato was badly presented by Mr. John Foster whose replies to anxious, but not unduly hostile, supplementary questions were considered by Labour Members almost too bad to be true. It must be admitted that there are few Ministers who could embark on this matter in the Commons to-day without expecting a pretty rough passage. A good many Government supporters are unable to follow the reasoning by which support for the rights of man, impressed by Whips in the previous Parliament, has now become heretical; while the Opposition, freed from their own similarly compelled espousal of unrighteousness, are fervidly celebrating a reunion with their principles.

The debate on the Broadcasting White Paper was damaging to the Government, even among some of its own supporters, in a more significant way. The extraordinary difference of tone and language between Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe's cautious, unenthusiastic defence of the new proposals as a moderate compromise between two somewhat divergent, but equally reasonable points of view, and the tendentious and rather vulgar speech of Mr. Gammans, winding up the debate, confirmed that the Conservative Party even in the Commons, is sharply divided on the issue of commercial sponsorship. By the end of the debate, the Conservative supporters of sponsorship looked jubilant at having gained so much of what they sought; so did the Opposition who, thanks largely to Mr. Morrison, had clearly had the better of the debate. Those who showed their suffering in their faces were the considerable number of Conservatives who share the views of Lords Halifax and Waverley: they had suffered a bitter humiliation from both friends and foes alike.

The episode of Mr. Butler's optimistically worded statement on the gold and dollar reserves, following within twenty-four hours of Mr. Churchill's alarm signal to the City, was a further example of the muddle to which this Government, rather unexpectedly, seems prone. The Chancellor no doubt intended to repair the damage which the Prime Minister had done to the national credit. That was a reasonable objective, and one with which the Commons, regardless of Party, would have sympathised. But by sheer ineptitude of drafting, the well-intentioned statement was exposed to a most damaging cross-examination by Mr. Bevan, from which Mr. Butler emerged distinctly ruffled.

Finally, Mr. Lennox-Boyd's announcement of the revised transport fares irritated the House by being almost incomprehensible. When Members had sorted it out, there was general agreement that Mr Callaghan had hit the nail on the head by asking whether it could be fairly summed up as meaning that "as a result of this hullabaloo, the Government are now extorting altogether a further charge of £16m. instead of the £18m. that was conceded by the Transport Tribunal."

The tide of fortune in the Commons habitually ebbs and flows; and it has a habit of running with Governments on the really critical occasions. But if the present Government wants to take advantage of this characteristic, it must avoid the confusion between Ministers, indeed the downright incompetence, of which these four occasions are examples. At the moment, its fortunes are at their lowest ebb.

A Bad Look Out for Broadcasting

THE difference of emphasis among Government supporters in last week's Commons debate on broadcasting suggests that the White Paper, so far from being, as Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe tried to persuade the House, a respectable compromise, is in fact a sell-out to a relatively small, but vociferous and influential, lobby which seeks to throw the whole of broadcasting open to commercial interests.

Back-bench Tory arguments, endorsed by Mr. Gammans, speaking for the Front Bench, were largely directed towards attacking the B.B.C.'s monopoly and defending the theory of sponsorship. These arguments, if valid at all, are equally applicable to sound radio as to television; and it can no longer be doubted that the objective of the sponsors' lobby is to win for the advertising interests the good-will and commercial opportunities of broadcasting, leaving the B.B.C., as a poor relation, to run a Government-sponsored network of sound and television, burdened with all its social obligations and deprived of the means to hold its peak audiences.

The Government's so-called compromise, if ever it comes to pass, will give the sponsors all they need. The technical development of commercial television will not prove to be an impossibly heavy charge on the powerful interests promoting it. Once developed, the rewards will be so great that, in those fields of entertainment where money can buy anything, the sponsors will be able to outbid the B.B.C. for the greatest attractions and to buy out technicians, performers and indeed complete programmes which the B.B.C. has already built up. At that point the example of the popular newspapers is sufficient evidence, as Mr. Morrison correctly observed, that the Gresham's Law of popular entertainment will take charge, and that the standard of public taste, which on the whole has risen under the guidance of the B.B.C., will rapidly decline in the struggle for mass audiences. Moreover, the B.B.C. itself cannot remain unaffected. No doubt there are disadvantages in its monopoly position; but the B.B.C.'s great virtue, and one which has justly earned the regard of the world, is its collective conscience. This conscience stems directly from the monopoly. Once the B.B.C. has to fight for survival against unscrupulous competitors, it can no longer afford a conscience.

We are not convinced that British broadcasting need be dependent on advertising revenue at all. But if a case can be made out that, in the interest of improving the standard of light entertainment (admittedly far too low) and presenting the costly tit-bits of commercial sport, more revenue is required than can be met from licence receipts or Government grants, it might be possible to permit a degree of advertising, less offensive than the present proposals. Brief interludes of straight advertising in the Light Programme, for instance, would involve no basic challenge to the B.B.C.'s standards and would not, any more than in reputable newspapers, encroach upon editorial responsibility. The far more objectionable proposal, that the B.B.C. should make available some of its own time for sponsored programmes, would at least ensure that the Governors maintained their control. As it is, we are being offered the worst of all worlds. Sponsored television is to be permitted with very few safeguards and in conditions which make it certain that the B.B.C. will be unable to stand up to the competition unless it lowers its own standards to that of the sponsors. Nor can the dilemma be limited to television. The backers of this scheme regard it as the opening of a door, which in time will give entry to the fruitful pastures of sound radio.

The best chance of avoiding this disagreeable prospect lies in the fact that sponsoring will not be permitted until the B.B.C. has achieved a complete national coverage with its television network. Here it is worth recalling a remark by Mr. Ian Orr-Ewing, M.P., who is not only Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Minister of Labour, but also an ex-B.B.C. executive of great experience, director of a big radio firm and one of the principle figures behind the sponsorship campaign. He is thus likely to be well informed about the policy of the radio industry. He has indicated that, as early as next year, it will be trying to sell the public television sets capable of receiving several programmes, as well as adaptors for converting existing sets.

What would be the effect of such a policy? No individual, we take it, would justify an attempt to force the Government's hand by artificially stimulating a public demand long before it can be met even under the present proposals. If there is serious danger of the industry as a whole adopting such a policy, the Labour Party, for its part, must make it plain that, once it returns to power, no licences to private interests will be granted.

The Opposition can deal equally simply and directly with the Government's proposal to remove the appointment of B.B.C. Governors from the control of Parliament. This plan, which was very effectively dealt with in Mr. Morrison's Commons speech, is open to serious constitutional objections. It also makes it virtually certain that Governors to be appointed under it would be "safe" people, twenty-five years behind the times in social and political outlook, and of impeccably anti-socialist views. Mr. Attlee can kill it stone dead by announcing that he, as Leader of the Opposition, will not serve on the appointing committee.

There are many obvious objections to the political manœuvre in which the party in Opposition seeks to frustrate the elected Government of the day by threatening to unscramble its eggs as soon as power changes hands. This is an instance where its use is fully justified. The Government's broadcasting proposals are themselves a manœuvre designed to placate an importunate lobby amongst their own supporters. It is a manœuvre which has caused great resentment and anxiety amongst most shades of opinion. The Opposition must meet it by whatever means will be the most effective.

Can America Muddle Through?

"WOULD you please explain American policy?" I said to a distinguished group of journalists and politicians in Washington. The argument that followed was confused, but vivid. Everyone talked at once, the Americans agreeing on only one thing—that I was to take no notice at all of any pronouncements by leading politicians, officials or soldiers or sailors, partisan or bi-partisan, generals, admirals or Secretaries of the Navy. At last an authoritative voice said: "Look here, you've got this all wrong. Anyone from Truman downwards is free to shoot off his mouth in America, and most people do. They don't mean a thing. See what happened to MacArthur. The truth is that America has not got a policy. But make no mistake: we shall *muddle through*."

Muddle through? My favourite theory about policy, national character and geography was beautifully confirmed. British nineteenth-century psychology has been transferred to the United States, which is now about the same distance in flying hours from the European continent as Britain used to be in steamship hours. It is Americans who can afford to lose the early battles and rely on winning the last, because it is now they who are more rich and powerful and less vulnerable than other people; it is they who can preach sermons from comparatively bomb-proof pulpits; they who suffer from the odium of power and are surprised when those on whom they confer the benefits of their protection, their trade and their charity are not immediately grateful.

"But if I am not to take notice of what anyone says," I asked, "how am I to explain to English people what American policy is? What about Dulles? After all, he acted for the American Government and made what many of us regard as a disastrous peace with the Japanese?" The remark was greeted with an anti-Dulles chorus. "Mr. Dulles," said someone, "is the most unpopular figure in America, not excluding Mr. Stassen." Another explained that he was only to be regarded as official when he signed the Japanese Treaty, and that what he said, even while he was signing it, was entirely unimportant. "In fact," said somebody, "there is no clue to American policy except public acts of the U.S. Government corresponding to different phases of Mr. Acheson's thought—and he, remember, is a bad security risk according to Joe McCarthy."

The only certainties, I was told, were that America is finally pledged to an anti-Soviet policy, though that did not for ever exclude all possibility of agreement; that Americans were trying to avoid the appeasement errors of the Thirties, and had learnt not to act alone, but through the United Nations. America now believed in "mutuality," or as we say, "collective security." I asked whether this meant that America could never become Isolationist again, and was told that it was conceivable, though unlikely, that America might withdraw from Europe if Britain proved an unreliable ally, or the whole movement towards Western European co-operation was aborted.

Did this mean that, if Mr. Taft were elected, his foreign policy would not be substantially different from Truman's or Eisenhower's? There were different answers. If we take Taft's speeches at face value, his election would mean full-scale war against China, coupled with the withdrawal of American soldiers from the continent of Europe. But this may be just electioneering? The large sums spent by the Truman Administration on Point Four and other non-military aid are believed by Taft to be thoroughly unpopular, and there are many votes to be won in the West and Middle West by hinting that G.I.s may soon be brought home from Germany and that, in the

Far East, America will either wind up the miserable Korean campaign or take to wholesale bombing of China. Mr. Taft is an ageing politician, desperately anxious not to lose his last chance of the Presidency.

I recall in 1916 Woodrow Wilson was elected on a promise to keep America out of the war which he declared a year later. Much more extraordinary, in 1932 Mr. Roosevelt's chief electoral slogan was "economy"; that shocking State Socialist Mr. Hoover was recklessly squandering the tax-payers' money! Clearly one need take little account of policy declarations in the Presidential campaign. All one can say is that Mr. Taft is not likely to be impressed by the argument that American and world salvation depends on the constructive use of American surplus production, whether it is advanced as a business or as a humanitarian proposition. Whether General Eisenhower, whose character (so long as he was a General) we found so much more attractive, would be, in fact, surrounded by men less narrow-minded and more statesmanlike, is guesswork. To which I must add that very few people think that Taft, if nominated, would win, so we are probably driven back to the view that in foreign politics the difference between one President and another is not likely to be very great. We may assume rather more liberalism if a Democratic President is at the White House, but whether the chances of war are less, I would not like to say.

Clearly we must look outside Party statements for guidance about foreign policy. The first deduction is that informed people do not believe the Soviet Union wants or intends general war in the near future. I asked one public man why America in her comparative safety was so much more frightened than we were in Europe, and he said: "If people were not frightened, how should we get Congress to vote the present appropriation on arms?" Mr. Dulles is not the only prominent American explicitly to reject the hypothesis that the Red Army is likely to march. On the contrary, the same assumption is implicit in every statement made by Mr. Acheson or others who talk of future "negotiations from strength."

No one has made a decision or planned a policy in preparation for that crucial but very hypothetical moment when Washington is to be strong enough to risk talking seriously with Moscow. Try to discuss the German problem and you will soon see the extent to which America is now relying on "muddling through". Germany, they say, must be rearmed. Why? For security. But all West Germans want unity, *i.e.*, to regain as much as possible of the forfeited Eastern territories. Therefore when Western Germany, supported by America, is strong, must it not make demands that Russia cannot accept—unless of course Moscow succeeds, as it well may, in buying off the Germans by offering a frontier deal as part of a new German-Soviet pact? And if the West presents an ultimatum asking for the surrender of Eastern European territory and then invades Communist territory, who will be the aggressor? Since it is an American axiom that aggression can only be committed by Communists, the argument ends here. The dilemma cannot be faced.

Events in Korea have had a deflating effect in the United States. There is no longer a belief in an easy victory against Communism, and there is a wider realisation that it is absurd to imagine that Communism can be destroyed by atomic bombing. Eisenhower has recently remarked that in a world war to-day there can be no victors and no decision. It should follow that war is now ruled out. But men are not always rational, and the wrong kind of incident in Korea or Berlin might lead to fighting which could not be limited. All we can say is that war is not consciously willed in the U.S., even though the more excitable military experts make pronouncements which can only be interpreted throughout the neutral world as well as in China as proof of an intention, first to use Korea as a "testing ground," and then to start war on the whole Communist bloc.

It comes, then, to this. While everything seems to be staged for a shooting war to begin in, say, 1955 or 1956, the chances of indefinitely prolonging the Cold War are real. The Korean situation has great advantages for every nation except Korea. American business, as represented, for instance, by Wall Street, clearly fears the results of transforming the politically and economically desirable Korean war into one which would pass beyond its control. The trade unions also profit by rearmament. Cold War offers a permanent excuse for arming and keeping up to date with arms, thereby ensuring that the otherwise threatening slump is indefinitely postponed. When I asked: "What will happen if peace breaks out?" I was told that business could never welcome total peace because the economy is now geared to war. At a time when the consumer market is well supplied and production of all sorts mounting at a fantastic speed, it would be impossible for the U.S. to scrap its arms and turn over to civilian production as it did in 1945. In short, the superficial answer is that rearmament must lead to war or to another great slump.

There is, however, a further possibility which, as I say, suits both employers and employed. Rearmament may continue as a more or less permanent technique by which booms and slumps can be avoided. This is the least dangerous application of the Keynesian doctrine that capitalism can be saved by planning investment. Keynes himself, it is true, might have preferred to solve the problem by deliberate direction of investment towards increasing human welfare, towards using the immense American surplus for raising the standard of living in backward areas both in the United States and throughout the colonial world. Keynes, I think, would have held that it was a disaster when America turned so far from Marshall to martial aid. But to solve the economic problem by what would amount to constructive, non-profit-making expenditure would be called Socialism in the United States and ruled out from the start.

We are left then with an open situation and several possibilities. First there is the still theoretical solution that negotiation may lead to a sufficient relaxation of tension to enable less money to be spent on arms and more on welfare; the building of genuine positions of strength which would contain no Communist Fifth Column because a World "Fair Deal" would make Communism unattractive. The second and always likely alternative is that, in spite of the warning of General Eisenhower and others, war may break out, though not intended by either Russia or the United States. It could happen, almost by accident, as a result of competitive arms, frontier tension and lying propaganda. It could the more easily happen if ambitious, independent Governments again take over in Germany and Japan. Finally there is at least a possibility that we may gradually approach the "managerial" paradise prophesied in *1984* by George Orwell. War itself, except in limited areas, would be ruled out as too dangerous, while the conditions of war would be permanently and advantageously maintained by the rulers of both Russia and the United States. In that case in both power blocs it would be necessary to maintain a complete orthodoxy of opinion which could be done with the full approval of the highly paid industrial workers. Only intellectuals and other misguided persons, who think there is another way of running the world, need be suppressed. It is odd that in England George Orwell's *1984* was thought to be a picture of the Soviet Union, while in America it was comically believed to be an account of Mr. Attlee's England. In fact it was Mr. Orwell's warning that in thirty years' time the Western nations may become as totalitarian as the Soviet Union.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

MR. GROMYKO probably ranks next to Vyshinsky in the hierarchy of Soviet policy makers, and he is certainly a more ready conversationalist than Mr. Zarubin, who now moves to Washington. Most of the press made the obvious comment on Stalin's ambassadorial reshuffle: that he expects nothing much from diplomatic relations with the U.S., and that he has selected London as the best base for splitting operations against the Atlantic Bloc. Those who propound this theory may be giving Britain an over-inflated importance. It is also possible that Mr. Gromyko is coming in readiness to take part in the Four Power Conference on Germany which it is now suggested in Paris and Washington should take place on an ambassadorial level. Whichever explanation is correct, I think we can safely assume that the Russians are obstinately determined to resume negotiations with the West, however embarrassing that may be in the year of an American presidential election. Atlantic rearmament, the signing of the E.D.C. treaties and the Contractual Agreement, American intransigence and the Korean armistice talks—all these signs of increasing Western toughness seem to have shaken the Russians out of the stolid indifference which they displayed for weeks on end at the Palais Rose. Of course this does not mean that Stalin has finally decided to try to make peace. Russian diplomacy is even more sharply double-edged than that of other nations. If a wholly satisfactory agreement can be signed, well and good; otherwise the negotiations can always be used to confuse and divide the enemy. Both interpretations are probably correct—which only reinforces the wisdom of meeting Gromyko's mission seriously. We must try to discover if the Russians are prepared to talk turkey and, if so, on what terms.

* * *

The "Sir" always looked incongruous before the name of Desmond MacCarthy. An O.M. would have fitted after it, and if Desmond had to have a title, I admit he would have made a good enough Earl. But what appendage could add distinction to one whose personality carried with it so much natural enchantment? He was of all men I have ever known the most delightful company. A gallant effort to convey something of his quality and his conversation may be found in A. G. Macdonell's *England, Their England*. The young literary aspirant could never find him at home at the office of the weekly review of which he was Literary Editor; even while his secretary was explaining for the tenth time that he was far too busy to see anyone, he strolled in and forgetting the piles of unanswered letters, the missed appointments, the urgently wanted decisions and the very time-table of the journal itself, he talked on for magic hours as if his immortality depended on giving his best to the awkward young Scotsman in front of him. That was certainly like Desmond. From time to time, no doubt, I shall rediscover old letters from him. One, I recall, rebuked the new and inexperienced Editor of this journal for underpaying him on

space rates when he believed, he said, that he had done enough to deserve a regular fee! It was characteristic of him that he explained that he was annoyed because the Editor had made him lose his temper, which he very much disliked doing. And then there was a letter in which he refused to write an advance obituary of his hero G. B. S. on the grounds that, after re-reading all his books, he decided that Shaw was, after all, an indifferent artist. "Maybe it is my eyesight that is at fault, but what I see is a chaos of clear ideas; a devotion to mankind based on emotional indifference to human beings—plenty of wit. That's all." Perhaps I shall also come across the authentic facts about the occasion when (so the story runs) he actually succeeded in bringing out on time an issue of a periodical he was editing. En route for the printer, Desmond left all the MSS for one long-overdue issue in a taxi. They were never recovered, but so prompt were the authors in supplying second copies of their contributions that, as Desmond explained without a blush, by merely allowing that issue to lapse, he was dead on time with the next one.

* * *

Desmond was seldom caught up in politics, and in the article which he contributed to the 21st Anniversary of the *New Statesman* (April 14, 1934) he described how out of place he first felt with the Webbs and other founders of the *N.S.*, but decided, once he got to know them, "that he was in high and good company." He represented the *N.S.* in its early days as invariably emphasising "the least gratifying reasons it could for any generous policy. In this respect it contrasted with its rival, the *Nation*, now happily united to it in holy wedlock. Both papers often moved in the same direction, but while the *Nation* supplied arguments which encouraged its readers to feel that they were the salt of the earth, the tone of the *Statesman* in arguing the same point would be, 'if you *want* to escape being a short-sighted fool, this is the line you must take.'" In my day he viewed our politics with a sort of respectful distaste. He was always a bit afraid that we might be right, but hoped we weren't. When the Incitement to Disaffection Bill was under debate, however, he felt that in this matter of liberty he was with us heart and soul. He spoke at the big protest meeting at the Central Hall that we organised, and he wrote a long letter to Baldwin telling him as a Conservative that on this occasion he and THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION were in agreement. It was a sufficient warning; in any case the Bill was heavily amended.

* * *

"The police of this country are your friends." When the Aliens (Restriction) Act of 1905 came into force, this phrase was printed at the head of the *aide-memoire* handed to every alien immigrant at British ports. It may have been a kind of apology for the new restrictions, or it may have been intended to make excitable and apprehensive refugees easier to deal with; but the refugees, who thereupon went to the police with every kind of domestic difficulty, were right in taking it at its face value. I am sorry it no longer appears on the papers issued to aliens. I still hear of kindness shown to Jewish immigrants by Customs, Immigration and Police officers, and I know of one recent case in which a refugee from Vienna was so affected by the novel experience of being sympathetically treated by an official that he broke down and cried among his luggage. I was reminded of all this the other day as I read the "Tenth Anniversary Publication" of the Association of Jewish Refugees in Great Britain. This is a symposium of brilliant articles by Jewish writers who were among the 90,000 people admitted to this country from the German concentration camps in 1939, when we had at last recognised the futility of all appeals to Hitler's clemency. "Incredulously we heard a rumour spreading behind the barbed wire," says the Report: "'England has opened her gates to refugees.' Those among us who had nearly lost their belief in absolute values regained it through this great humanitarian act." The Report tells the remarkable story of their assimilation here, and one of its principal themes is the still half-credulous conviction that, despite the unhappy episode of the Isle of Man internments, "the officials of this country are your friends."

* * *

The *mystique* of nationalism usually begins by sounding comic. Until they became sinister, the earlier pomposities of the German Nazis were unmistakably comic. The latest definition of the Afrikaner *volk* certainly enters this category. It comes from an article in *Inspan* by Dr. Diederichs, one of the leading ideologues of South African "Nationalism." The Afrikaner people, we read, is not only the "smallest *volk* in the world," but the "only real *volk* in southern Africa," and, indeed, the only White *volk* in the whole of Africa. It is recognisable not by its country nor by its language. The Coloured community of South Africa has Afrikaans as its mother tongue—"and yet they are not part of our people, and they would not be a part even if their colour was white and not brown." The Afrikaner *volk's* real nature, apparently, was revealed by the Great Trek; but mainly by its attitude to the Bible. The Afrikaner, true and unalloyed, sees himself "as part of the Creation, but separate from the rest of the created world in that he carries with him a divine (godlike) element, in that he sees himself as a link between eternity and the temporal and therefore as something particular to itself, and unique with its own reality and value." His life is so completely dominated by supernatural values that he is an idealist who seeks in the first place neither his own enrichment nor that of his community. To borrow from the well-known story about the Duke of Wellington, anyone who can believe that can believe anything.

* * *

He: This is Donatello's San Giovanni.
She: You mean Don Giovanni?
He: Silly, if I'd meant that I would have said Don Juan or Don John.
She: Don't you mean John Donne?
He: No, dash it, I mean Saint John.
She: Oh, Shaw? I thought you said Dona something or other. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

It is proposed by the Kent and Canterbury Executive Council of the National Health Service that £21 be withheld from the salary of a Kent dentist who broke a woman's jaw when extracting teeth.

The dental service committee found no evidence that he failed to use proper skill, but there was failure to send in forms accepting her as a patient. —*News Chronicle.* (Flora Landsberg.)

Directly I see a photo of the nude I put on dark glasses—I find this helps to subdue the beast in me. —Letter in *Amateur Photographer.* (M. Zwalf.)

It is impossible to remember the summer of 1940—the Year One of modern history—without thinking of the poetry of Louis Aragon.—*New Statesman and Nation.* (J. Bull.)

THE CRAFTY KOREAN

(After Bret Harte)

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark
And are not laid in vain,
The crafty Korean is peculiar,
Which the same all the world will maintain.

Syngman Rhee was his name—
He'd an ace up his sleeve,
And he played a deep game
With intent to deceive—
Which the ways of the wily Korean,
Occidentals would hardly believe!

When he called from Korea
The West sent him aid,
But they had no idea
Of the trap he had laid—
Europeans do not speak Korean,
And that's how the error was made.

This Syngman Rhee's smile,
It was child-like and meek,
But for devilish guile
And cool, barefaced cheek,
They discovered the cunning Korean
Was a type absolutely unique.

Which was how they were caught
In the trap that he planned,
When they found they had fought
To put Rhee in command,
For the dodges of tricky Koreans
Europeans do not understand.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That this slippery old shark
They ought to restrain—
For the crafty Korean is peculiar,
Which the same these plain facts will explain.

SAGITTARIUS

The New West Africa

V. PROSPECTS FOR DEVELOPMENT

THE great political achievements of West African nationalism in the past few years are now beyond question for all who are willing to examine them with a reasonably unprejudiced eye. Countless numbers of Africans, commonly regarded by White men as little better than savages, are proving themselves capable of rapid political advance. Already the White man's irruption wears the appearance of an episode.

It is permissible, then, to look beyond the issue of political independence to what is happening in the economic field. Nigeria and the Gold Coast have closely similar economies and therefore common problems. In both territories the hardest task before the national leaders is to know how to make economic development march in step with the new political powers they possess or may shortly possess. For it is obvious to everybody that a primary-producing colony cannot hope for more than the shadow of independence so long as its economy remains in the old condition of complete vulnerability to world economic trends. Economic development—industrial development—is not simply a good idea, a luxury, a free choice, for these territories. Failure to develop economically would stultify and finally frustrate the widest political gains, for it would prevent any permanent raising of the people's standard of life, would leave the country open to the first cold breath of slump in world prices, and—perhaps most conclusively of all—

would withdraw the means of absorbing into urban employment the surplus of a rapidly growing population.

Not surprisingly, "development" is the hardest-worked word in West Africa. Apart from the building of social and educational services, great projects exist for multiplying the meagre resources of electric power in these territories; for extracting some of the many useful minerals they are now discovered to possess; for making roads and ports and manufacturing plants. Where is the money to come from? This is probably the thorniest question in British West Africa, for its answer must carry with it an answer to the much wider question—what sort of political and economic structure can provide the basis for a real measure of independence? Are these countries to be developed by foreign capital—supposing that foreign capital would deny its past and go into secondary as well as extractive industry? Are they to wait until an African middle class can grow to maturity and provide the means of capital accumulation? Or are they to take lessons from the varied experience of India, China, and elsewhere, and short-cut this process by developing on new lines?

An African middle-class is certainly emerging. Nigeria has sixteen African banks of which two or three have already out-grown mere money-lending at high rates of interest, and begin to be ready to act as banks in the proper sense of the word. A reliable estimate lately put deposits in these banks at about £1,600,000, of which nearly one million pounds is in the National Bank. The larger among these banks enjoy a deservedly good reputation: they are developing fast and on lines that are sound. Even so, this potential investing class is slender in size and resources, and for some time to come cannot hope to play much part in development on a national scale. Banking and investing habits take years to acquire: many wealthy Africans in the Gold Coast and Nigeria still prefer to put their money into real estate or transport or the expansion of their own businesses. Banking in the Gold Coast is even less developed. By itself, clearly enough, private African capital will not suffice.

That being so, nearly all the national leaders in both territories agree that there must be help from abroad. But although they agree on the need for foreign capital, either by loan or direct investment, there are widely divergent opinions on the timing and the manner by which this help should be accepted. One school of thought, close to the ideas of the British administration, holds that industrialisation will be made possible only by the immediate attraction of large supplies of directly invested foreign capital. The Eastern House of Assembly in Nigeria, for instance, where this school of thought prevails, has made no difficulty about accepting a private American offer to develop lead-zinc mines in that region; nor of giving Shell Darcy extensive prospecting rights which are now being used. A leading Minister of the Nigerian Central Government, Mr. A. C. Nwapa, who has charge of commerce and industries, spoke for this point of view when he said lately that "a Government which tampers with industries is bound to flop"—a statement which did more credit to his self-confidence, perhaps, than to his understanding of industrial development. This school of thought tends to argue that political advance will govern economic advance, and not the reverse; and that Africans are in any case not yet capable either of investing on their own or of managing state-initiated and State-controlled investment.

But there is another important school of thought in this matter. To the arguments of the first school it replies that large-scale foreign investment must necessarily make Africans the junior partners in economic exploitation of their own countries. Unexpectedly enough, in Nigeria it is Mr. Awolowo, usually regarded as a staunch conservative, who leads this second school. He went so far as to declare, in the central House of Representatives lately, that the effect of British policy was to exchange political dependence for an economic stranglehold. He argued against the newly introduced Bill for the encouragement of "pioneer industries"—which allows a tax-free holiday of five years to all who will establish new industries, and is already law in the Gold Coast—on the grounds that "the launching of large-scale industrialisation by foreign investors now will not benefit us on the whole in the present and would deprive us of great opportunities in the future. For experience has shown," continued Mr. Awolowo, "that our people cannot cope with competition in those commercial and industrial fields requiring large capital in which foreigners have entrenched themselves." Let us rather wait, says this second school of thought, until we are in a stronger position to exert economic control: we shall gain nothing by allowing foreigners to cart away our raw materials before we are ready to dig them up or use them ourselves, or before we are ready to lay down the conditions under which we are prepared to allow others to dig them up and use them.

This line of thought questions further how far Nigeria and the Gold Coast, powerful dollar earners both of them, can permit London to dictate the quantity of dollars they shall have. Sterling capital equipment is hard to come by. It is for lack of British capital equipment, apparently, that the important lead-zinc deposits in Eastern Nigeria were permitted to go to the Americans. And one of the reasons why Nigeria and the Gold Coast desperately lack road transport is their inability to buy heavy American trucks. "Nigeria seems to be getting the worst of both worlds" a leading Nigerian economist, Mr. Ayo Ogunsheye, lately suggested in a newspaper article: "Not only are there not enough consumer and capital goods to buy from the United Kingdom, but the prevailing exchange policy prevents us from buying goods from other areas where they are available." Mr. Awolowo has been asking pointed parliamentary questions on the same point. The Nigerian Government's programme of dollar expenditure and other expenditure involving non-sterling currencies, Mr. Himsworth, the Financial Secretary, has replied, "is formed from the currency pool of the sterling area, and has been drawn up having regard to the essential requirements of Nigeria and to the entitlements of other members of the area on available non-sterling currencies." Quite so, and the same is true of the Gold Coast: but can these countries, standing so greatly in need of development, much longer afford thus to subsidise the British balance of payments?

In this diversity of opinions on the needs and means of economic development, the deciding factor is provided by British advice. For the time being, indeed, it is more than advice, for the financial Ministers in both territories are still senior White officials, and the permanent economic staffs are also for the most part members of the Colonial Service. And it is quite unnecessary to postulate any deep-laid scheme by imperial government to see that the decisions and advice which these ministers and officials take, and give, are all in the direction of development by "free enterprise," foreign capital, and the methods traditional to a capitalist economy. Yet it is hard to know how these methods can prove in any way adequate to the task in hand. They appear to involve no determined effort at the accumulation of capital (except by partial use of the resources of the Marketing Boards), no creation of central planning authorities, no taking of detailed inventories of what exists or what might exist, and no consistent effort to arouse and canalise the tremendous latent energies which the peoples of Nigeria and the Gold Coast have to offer.

This is a matter which concerns not only the national parties of West Africa but also, and equally, the political parties in Britain. The Governments of Nigeria and the Gold Coast are not operating in a vacuum: they are operating within a political and economic framework that is still decided for them, largely, by the British electorate. In the past few years the Labour Party has shown its will to give these peoples the right to political development. What is needed of the Labour Party now is something else. It is to study the needs of economic development in West Africa, and to study them not in the light of the British balance of payments or of the ambitions of American capital to invest in the extraction of raw materials, but in the light of West African priorities. This, surely, should be one of the most welcome tasks incumbent upon our policy-makers, in the interval before Labour returns to power.

BASIL DAVIDSON

On Selsey Bill

I HAVE been visiting a collective farm—not on the limitless steppes, but hidden among the trim hedges and winding roads of Selsey Bill. Here, where the rolling hills end and the flat, tapering peninsula has an air of having been won from the sea, it is a country of small-holders. Working on limited capital and with up-to-date but inexpensive methods, they live by putting each of their few acres to a different use—a couple of arable fields, some vegetables and some flowers, a cow and a pig, a score of hens and three or four ducks make up the mixed economy of this kind of Sussex farm. With every small-holder bidding against every other for materials and markets, the situation cries aloud for some form of co-operation. It is here that ninety-six families are banded together in two adjoining Land Settlements.

It would be pleasant to report that these are Sussex folk, who have tried competition and formed a voluntary collective. But, in fact, if you step into the public bar of the village pub, you will hear a Babel of accents from a dozen parts of England and Wales. The Land Settlement Association, which runs these two "estates" and sixteen others scattered about the country, recruits its tenants from a national list of applicants, stipulating only that they must have a background of working in the kind of farming in which the Association engages.

There was no such stipulation when the settlements were founded in 1934; quite the contrary, indeed. The scheme was originally designed to settle unemployed industrial workers and miners on the land. The impetus came from the Society of Friends and from a few philanthropic landowners who donated part of their estates; soon the Commissioner for the Special Areas took an active interest. The scheme, while run on this basis, was not an unqualified success, and experience has shown that people who want to be farmers make a better job of it than unemployed workers who go to the land *faute de mieux*. Of those of the original settlers who lasted till the war, the majority went home when full employment came. To-day, on the Selsey Bill estates, only twenty pre-war settlers remain. They

are men, one feels, who by a lucky chance found that farming was what they had always wanted to do. They include the chairmen of the two settlements, one a native of Durham, the other a man who in 1939 sold out a flourishing sweets-and-tobacco shop in Wimbledon. I found them firm in their resolve never to return to city life.

The estates do not go in for farming on the large scale. The accent is on vegetable growing, with pigs and poultry as important sidelines. Here in Sussex each tenant has about four acres—for lettuces and tomatoes. This, as is well known, is a chancy business, and the resources of the Association in the way of technical advice, now given through the Ministry, are appreciated. The same is true where chickens are concerned. Most tenants keep one or two hundred in battery cages; and, by drawing on a pool of knowledge, they claim to have made their poultry the healthiest in this part of the country.

What has the settlement to offer the smallholder in exchange for the surrender of freedom, implicit in the promise to fit in with the farming policy decided on by the majority at the monthly meetings? First, an easy start for the young man without much capital—in the past eight years, most entrants have been under thirty years of age. To buy a small-holding in working order now costs about £3,000. The Association will accept a tenant with £500 or less, and will provide him with further funds by means of low-interest loans. Waiting for him he will find a solidly built house, a large greenhouse, and the basic items of equipment. Once he takes over his four acres, his success will depend on his production; there is no rigid egalitarianism here, no utopian community of goods. The longer-established and more successful tenants have used their profits to erect new greenhouses and expand their activities, so that the equipment with which they started is now only a small part of that which they now own.

The heart of the scheme, however, is the principle of collective marketing. The Association collects the produce from the tenant, markets it, and hands over the money, minus a deduction for transport costs and administrative expenses. It does not offer a fixed price, but what the market will bring. Thus the grower, unlike his cousin who is in business for himself, has no need to maintain a lorry, only used for a few weeks in the year; no need to buy crates and packing materials; no need to worry over whether he should deliver his produce locally, take it to Covent Garden, or risk the expense of rushing it to the north of England. The Association looks after all that. The gain to the individual is twofold: he saves on overhead expenses, and he saves a great deal of time, which he can devote to productive work instead of to chasing the markets.

Of course, there is another side to the picture. If the Association makes a wrong decision about marketing, everybody is in the cart. The success of an estate depends on mutual confidence between the estate manager and the tenants. In practice, there may be occasional breaches of the agreement that all trading must be done collectively; few tenants will resist the temptation to get rid of a few lettuces to a nearby market for a high spot price.

The real test of the success of the estates is provided by the rate of coming and going among the tenants. In the early days holdings changed hands frequently, and this militated against efficiency; but matters are very different now, at all events in the estates I visited. Death or advanced age is the normal reason for giving up a holding; and the newcomer generally takes over a going concern, not one which has been allowed to dilapidate while the tenant meditated on the right moment to quit. There is, of course, another reason for leaving the co-operative, the direct opposite of failure—success on such a scale as to tempt the tenant into buying freehold land and going into business for himself, free to seek his own markets and to grow different crops from those decided by vote. But very few do this—in an average year, nine tenants among the 691 in the country, while four others returned to wage-earning in agriculture. The successful tenant seems to be perfectly satisfied with the halfway-house between collectivism and enterprise which the Association provides. Improving his own equipment in a way chosen by himself, and adding gradually to his capital, he continues to avail himself of the advantages of collective marketing and to submit to the policy of the settlement as a whole.

The Land Settlement idea is a limited one, both in conception and in effect. For instance, an outsider might hope that an organisation of this kind might bring cheaper prices to the consumer, by cutting out at least some of the middlemen in the vegetable business and getting into more direct touch with the retailer. This, however, is not among the Association's achievements, nor indeed among its aims.

What is impressive about the estates is something intangible, but which no visitor can miss. It is the absence of that worried, grumbling atmosphere which pervades the world of smaller and poorer farmers—worry about marketing, about prices, about transport costs, about tomatoes from Italy, about a dozen other problems, never acute but never forgotten. The tenant of the Land Settlement has a greater security. It is not an absolute security; the Association, now officially an agent for the Ministry of Agriculture, is a commercial body with the duty of showing a profit, and ultimately as buffeted by the winds of economic force or unpredictable legislation as any other body of farmers. But within these limits the security is real, and the ninety-six families of Selsey Bill feel it. They can get on with the job of growing lettuces.

MERVYN JONES

Golden Goa

SOON after dawn the Goa shore lifts itself out of the sea, a horizon of purplish rocks and palms, sabred by the dark sails of dhows. The Indian trippers who came aboard at Bombay, fashionably scarfed, in tweeds and corduroys, have accepted a mood of southern lassitude, and now gather in pyjama-clad groups to gaze respectfully shorewards. As the ship swings into a river-mouth the shores close in, a red watch-tower on every headland and baroque chapels gleaming through the greenery. Over the starboard-bow Nova Goa is painted brilliantly on the sky, a hubbub of colour with bells chiming in the churches built on its high places. A few minutes later the gang-plank goes down, and as the passengers are released into the smiling apathy of the water-front, a flock of mynahs settle on the ship's rigging. A line of golden omnibuses wait to bear the voyagers away to distant parts of the territory. The town itself is served by calashes of skeletal elegance, drawn by ponies who, even while dozing in the shafts, are unable to relax their straining posture. For foreigners there are taxis of reputable old Continental make, such as De Dion Bouton. They are decorated with brasswork and advertisements for German beer. Although their owners are usually Christians, Hindu gods, considered as more effective in purely routine matters of protection than, say, St. Christopher, squat amongst the artificial flowers over the dashboards.

The quayside, which is really the heart of the town, is presided over by a statue, not—as one would have expected—of the great Albuquerque, founder of the colony, but of one José Custodio Faria, who, the inscription relates, "discovered the doctrine of hypnotic suggestion." Faria, who is not mentioned in short textbooks on the subject, is dressed in a wicked squire's cloak of the Wuthering Heights period, and is shown strikingly in action. His subject—or victim—a young lady with a Grecian hair-style, has been caught in the moment of falling, one trim foot in the air, left hip about to strike the ground, while Faria leans over her, fingers potently extended. Her expression is rapt; his intense, perhaps demoniacal. The background to this petrified drama is a row of shops and taverns, coloured like the wings of tropical birds and decorated with white plaster scrollwork, seemingly squeezed out of a tube.

A stranger, newly landed, is whisked quickly beyond the range of Faria's ardent gaze. Ahead of him strides the porter, carrying on his shoulder the luggage which several small boys, running on either side, reach up to touch with their fingertips, as if it contained relics of extraordinary curative virtue. This attendance entitles them to claim a reward of one anna apiece. The baggage is then placed in the taxi, and the newcomer is driven to the Hotel Central, because it is a long way from the centre of the town, and therefore a worthwhile taxi-fare. All this happens to be to the good. The Central is a precious repository of the atmosphere of Goa, and worthy of mention not on account of its advertised attraction—the small tiled dungeon, called a bathroom, available with every room—but of many less tangible charms unappreciated by the management. The fine old Portuguese colonial building growing naturally from the red earth of Goa is the colour of Spanish oxide, with its main façade covered in green tiles and a white make-belief balcony moulded on one wall. Coconuts and frangipani blossoms float down a jade-green stream at the back of the house, and burnished, bright-eyed crows come hopping into the front rooms and try to fly away with the guests' sun-glasses. The beach is just across the road, and you can sit and watch Goans prowling about it in search of the nacreous discs with which they repair their old-fashioned mother-of-pearl windows. A cab-driver sleeps on his seat under a banyan-tree just outside the dining-room, and when any guest wants to go, the waiter leans out and wakes him up by pulling the end of his whip.

Old Goa is eight miles away up the river. With the exception of five great churches standing impressively isolated in a jungle clearing, it is a Carthaginian ruin. The Bom Jesus, vast and superbly baroque, houses the principal treasure of the old Portuguese Indies in the shape of the mortal remains of St. Francis Xavier, the great evangelist who was not quite successful in the conversion of the Japanese. Owing to its world-wide reputation for miracle-working the mummified body has undergone a gradual decrease in size. Inspired by the example of a Pope who asked for an arm to be severed and sent to him, pilgrims have succeeded, under an osculatory pretence, in gnawing small portions off the saintly anatomy and carrying them away in their mouths. Sometimes these were recovered, and the phalanx of a thumb is kept in a silver reliquary, which, after it has been wrapped in a protective cloth is placed in the visitor's hand.

St. Francis Xavier, although of indisputable sanctity, was partly responsible for the bringing to Goa of the Inquisition, which he believed to be essential for the survival in the Indies both of the

Portuguese influence and the Christian religion. In Goa the Inquisition functioned as more of a political than a religious instrument; an efficient security service, supreme in jurisdiction and secret in procedure. Its prisoners, well-fed and housed in two hundred hygienic cells, were subjected to constant psychological pressure in accordance with the most modern practice. The object was their reduction to an utter and unquestioning conformity to the discipline which the Portuguese, as a small community surrounded by vast hostile forces, believed necessary to their survival. In this the Inquisition was rarely unsuccessful, and during the century and a half of its active mission only about eight hundred and fifty of the incorrigibly independent were burned to death on the open space which has now become a football-field. Even such a modest exercise of disciplinary action, however, was enough to shock the tolerant East, and render almost hopeless the task of evangelisation.

As a weapon of self-defence the Inquisition was less successful than others, such as the social equality offered to all converts to the Christian religion. This was a colony with no "Natives." A Christian, whether of Portuguese or Indian birth, was a Goan, and distinctions soon became unthinkable in the face of the intermarriage policy, which has bequeathed to so many admirable P. & O. stewards the purposeful faces of conquistadors.

A mellowed authoritarianism still pervades the Goanese air and constitutes a provocation to the nascent democracy across the frontier. For example, everything printed in the local Marathi language—even a marriage invitation—must be submitted to the censor. Such pin-pricks set off explosions in the Indian press. In January *Filmindia*—not the kind of journal, one would have thought, to bother itself with the problems of India's remaining pockets of colonial rule—emitted almost a Hitlerian scream of exhausted patience, under the heading "Portuguese Pirates in India!" This article, provoked by an order under which all Indian films shown in Goa must bear Portuguese sub-titles, began by the declaration that "a White man is always a nuisance to the rest of the human race," and went on to describe Goa as a place where a small crowd of white-skinned Portuguese rulers practised colonial imperialism over eight million coloured Indians. The truth is that one can walk about all day in Goa without seeing a white skin, and that the fifty per cent. of the Goanese population which professes Christianity would exceedingly resent being described as Indians. There is, in fact, less colour prejudice in Goa than in India, and no Goanese paper would be allowed to publish the matrimonial advertisements for brides of fair or "Jewish" colour which are a regular feature of the Indian press. It is indeed unlikely that Goa would return to India in the event of a plebiscite being held. The Christian Goans would certainly vote to remain as they are, whilst many of the Hindus believe that they are better off economically under Portugal; for Goa shows few signs of the really appalling poverty commonplace throughout the Indian countryside.

Certainly *Filmindia* was on firmer ground when it accused Goa of large-scale smuggling activities, although it did not add that this is done through the connivance of corrupt Indian frontier officials. Across the border flows a torrent rather than a stream of those things for which the hunger of the East is insatiable; fountain-pens, watches, and patent-medicines. A more important traffic is that of gold, carried not in lorries but in the bodies of the smugglers themselves and whole human caravans, thus strangely burdened, are regularly marshalled for the trek across the frontier. Here-

SPEED THE SCRAP

Almost every steel-using firm possesses scrap iron and steel in the form of old plant, redundant buildings, machinery and spares. Every ton of it is wanted back in the steelworks to make the supplies of new steel that your own and other factories need so urgently.

Have a search made on your premises. Make prompt decisions to turn in all the old iron and steel you can find. Scrap merchants are glad to help with dismantling and collection.

THE RAILWAYS GET A MOVE ON

The amount of salvage by the staff of British Railways is enormous and the quantity of iron and steel scrap which they rounded up in 1951 was 644,000 tons.

SPEED THE STEEL

Issued for the STEEL SCRAP DRIVE by the British Iron and Steel Federation, Steel House, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1

S.27R

in lies the source of Goa's present prosperity, and on the strength of it half a street of delightful old building has been torn down and replaced by a miniature Karl Marxhof in grey cement, housing shops which sell nothing but American goods. Thus perishes the charm which poverty protected.

Goa's other immediate commercial advantage depends on the fact that it is an alcoholic oasis in a largely dry sub-continent—a paradise for the Indian weekender who has been unable to wangle a doctor's certificate classifying him as an addict, and therefore entitled to a ration of costly liquor. In Goa he can sit and drink all day, so long as he succeeds in concealing obvious intoxication, for at the slightest disorder a policeman will appear to conduct the celebrant to a cell, which is likely to be less well-arranged than those provided in the Inquisition building of old.

Goa prides itself on the sobriety of its pleasures. There are no popular amusements beyond an occasional snake-charming, and a well-censored cinema show. Night-clubs do not exist. If you want to listen to music, you must go down to the waterfront to the Café Praia, where Arabs, pious and withdrawn—who are supposed to do a little gold-smuggling on their own account—sit pulling at their hookahs and drinking *qishr*, a decoction made to their own specification from the husk of the coffee-bean. Sometimes they tell the owner of the place to switch off Radio Cairo, and begin to hum nasally and to pluck at the strings of archaic instruments. At ten o'clock a paternal authority sends all citizens home to bed by turning out the city lights. Obediently the Arabs get up from their table and grope their way down to their canoes. The dhows are anchored in midstream, with the silhouettes of ancient ships on decorative maps. Even if there is no moonlight you can follow the path of the canoe by a ripple of phosphorescence as the spoon-like oars stir the water, or by the declining notes of a flute.

NORMAN LEWIS

Fish

COLLECTING, exhibiting: there is hardly a man or a woman in England who doesn't do one or the other. And in off-hours we enjoy casting an eye where others have made their corner. Baby-fanciers spare a glance for dogs and canaries; the stamp-collector goes to mark the snail-watcher; hobbies distantly nod to, or shake the head over, one another. At the moment in London, exhibition fever has reached a height, with Corporation Plate here and the Prevention of Accidents there, Tea Cosies off the Haymarket, Armour at the Tower, Mechanical Handling, the Braille Centenary and the Royal Tournament, the British Clockmakers beckoning us to Kensington, and the Antique Dealers to Park Lane. No end to it. My own oddity has sought its barnacles at the National Aquarium Exhibition.

I was there—fish being, as it were, in the family—a day before the opening. In the Royal Horticultural Hall, where only a few hours earlier all had been vegetative, now busy, bothered aquarists pulsed the air. Six hundred tanks had been, or were in process of being, set up in rows, wired, labelled. Many of these had to be furnished, and the array of plants, rocks, gravels, thermostats, thermometers, was staggering. Little river beds were being enscened stone by stone, clump by clump; water hot and cold was being borne to and fro; filter dynamos were humming; the fish, obscured in portable jars and dixies, were introduced to the family parties or the solitary confinement that for some little while was to be theirs. Gay fish and odd fish and nonchalant fish and scared fish, and fish for whom the whole business had been a mistake from start to finish. There were some 10,000 of them.

We—my wife and I, she being the aquarist—domiciled our own fish in the bare little cubicles from which they would have to face judges and the public. It was terrible, the parting. One Hyphessobrycon Serpæ had kept his colour, and on him were pinned our hopes. He might take a Fourth. We prayed for a Fourth. As a good omen I pointed out that I managed to get one at Oxford; and so we fled chaos.

By two o'clock next day the judging is all over, and the show, due to last three days, open. We arrive late, in a panic. Our club tank (Hendon), to which we have contributed fish and plants, wears a Second. I steal off to look at the Serpæ. He is splendid, and on his glass shines the green label of a Third Prize! Eureka. In an ecstasy we go the round of the show, enjoying every exhibit.

All the rainbow is there, sometimes in a single fish-tail. The Siamese fighters, plumed rather than finned, feline, and with a hint of the mannequin parade, astound in cornflower blue, verdigris, cream-red; scarlet and green Neons outglow Piccadilly; there are silver-pink Barbs and lemon Tetras and midnight Mollies; an un-fishlike dignity that has something of mandarins and junks preserves for the Angel its lion-like supremacy. Like the lion, too—in captivity, at any rate—it is also rather bored and stupid. The Flying Foxes—which describe themselves—are a rarity. The Cats, though fascinating, more resemble alert dormice. It is a pity, perhaps, that there were no salt-water creatures here, for then we might have also sea-horses and sea-cows.

I suppose one misses a little—in a collection that includes all the fancifulness of goldfish and shubunkin, besides terrapins, green frogs, axolotls—any trace of the almost-human. Anthropomorphism doesn't exist here. There is none of that delightful uncertainty that overhangs Cruft's: which is the owner and which the dog? People don't come to resemble fish, or the other way about; they can't grow old together and would find it difficult to pick up one another's habits; and if at one stage of our becoming we have been gilled fish, no less, the kinship hasn't persisted. Fish, however you look at them, are fish.

We come back to our miraculous Serpæ, and are congratulating ourselves once again, when the judge comes round to say he's made a mistake. Apologies, smiles all round; and the green label is scored through. This is almost more than we can bear. The rainbow has faded. We gaze at our Serpæ (never did he look more pinkly pleased), and at one another—poor fish!

G. W. STONIER

French Basket

THE sight of French youths playing Basket Ball causes many an English person to shake his head sorrowfully at yet another confirmation of the effeminacy of the French, and to march on with superior tread. It is wiser, however, particularly in this small town, to make no comment. Of course, a stray visitor might not know that our senior team has caused the name of the town to be prominently featured on the weekly sports page of many a Paris newspaper; and even a basket-ball fan might not realise that, as a result of our team's successes, we now have public shower-baths, which are the envy of the neighbouring towns, and the lowest rates in Normandy.

This could not have happened, if our *secrétaire de mairie* had not been an ardent basket-ball supporter. There may be other *secrétaires de mairie* as devoted to the interests of their *communes* as M. Marchal is to his, but none could have acted so promptly and energetically when our senior basket-ball team won promotion from the regional First Division to the Division d'Excellence Nationale. M. Marchal saw at once that the small, open-air pitch used by the basket-ball teams was inadequate for the important matches to be played next season; it was not *digne* enough for such well-known future opponents as the Racing Club and their Parisian supporters. Moreover, the team would have long, expensive journeys to make, to Lyons and to the Swiss frontier and elsewhere; to obtain the necessary funds a much larger gate must be assured at every home match, even during the worst of the winter weather.

M. Marchal saw all this was required, even as he thought with joy of the first-class matches in prospect for next season, and his emotions became troubled. Sitting there in his office, surrounded by bulky files and *paperasserie*, he bowed his head upon his hands and ran his fingers through greying hair much thinned by administrative cares. For a while an observer might have thought that this conscientious public servant was neglecting his duties. But this was not so. He suddenly rose from his desk and fetched a dusty file from a cupboard. Within the file were the plans for the extension of the market-hall and the raising of its roof; there was the correspondence with contractors, with the Préfecture, and with the Ministry of Town Planning. All that the file lacked was the Town Council's approval of the scheme. But the Left-wing councillors had always maintained that laudable though the idea of an improved market-hall undoubtedly was, the need of houses and repairs to the schools was more imperative. M. Marchal looked carefully through the file and then went upstairs with determined tread to the office of the Mayor

The following week the Mayor called a council meeting to vote the supplementary budget for the year. We soon knew—even before we read the usual irresponsible account in the local paper, *Le Petit Bonhomme*—that most of the meeting had been taken up with a discussion on the market-hall project; and that, since the Mayor now proposed to use the enlarged market-hall as a basket-ball stadium once a week, the matter was approved by a large majority. The only opposition came from the two Communist councillors; but even this, we knew, was mainly because there were no young Communists in the senior team. The improved market-hall was also to be furnished with four shower-baths, for the use of the players. As the Mayor pointed out, our team would no doubt find such progressive amenities available when it played at Paris and at Lyons; and the least we could do, in support of a team that would carry the name of the town far and wide, was to show that, situated in the provinces though we are, the town has a Council that is fully aware of the importance of hygiene and modernity.

The work soon began on the market-hall and continued all through the summer without inconveniencing, to any great extent, the market that was held there every week. Work was still continuing a week before our team was due to play its first home match in the Division d'Excellence Nationale. The shower-baths were installed, but the gas was not connected; the concrete pitch was laid down, but neither the nets nor the spectators' benches were in place. Naturally,

no one was surprised or concerned at this; and with a last-minute combined effort by the local Gasworks employees and all the basket-ball teams, the sports club supporters, the town's two policemen and some of the councillors, everything was just ready by the Sunday morning, as we had known it would be.

There were nearly two thousand spectators at the first match, and the market-hall seemed to quiver with the shouts of the crowd when our team finished as victors. M. Marchal beamed at everyone as he led his large family from the market-hall. The Mayor and many of the councillors accepted the congratulations of townspeople on their farsightedness and civic sense. But the next two matches, both played away, were lost; and so was the next played in the market-hall. Our team found itself placed last but one in the league, with relegation threatening. At about the same time, the Town Council received the contractors' bills for the work done to the market-hall. The total amount due was forty per cent. more than had been budgeted for, owing to the rise in prices.

The next council meeting was stormy; the Mayor and the Right-wing councillors defended themselves, without much conviction, by stressing the advantages to the town of a modernised market-hall, and the Left-wing councillors now maintained that the interests of overcrowded working classes had been sacrificed to the pleasure-mania of the bourgeoisie. The budget deficit must be met, claimed the Left-wing councillors, by increased taxes; this the Mayor and his supporters refused to accept, yet offered no alternative solution. The two Communist councillors were jubilant. The report of the meeting filled half the front page of *Le Petit Bonhomme*. The matter provided us all with a succulent subject of conversation for many days . . . "*Les basketeurs ont bien joué pourtant.*" . . . "*Et nous voilà en déficit!*" . . . "*Quatre millions pour perdre au basket, c'est un peu trop, tout de même!*"

Only M. Marchal remained calm in the midst of ferment, spreading his hands appeasingly to councillors who came into his office and repeatedly making his only comment on the matter: "We're passing through a period of instability." But already he was taking action. He wrote to a young man who had left the town to live in the South, and who had recently been chosen to play in the French basket-ball team against Italy. The young man wanted to return but had no job awaiting him. M. Marchal found him a place on the borough staff and lodgings in the town; and this new acquisition to the basket-ball team began at once to practise every evening in the market-hall. Having dealt with this aspect of the problem, M. Marchal turned his attention to finance. It was perhaps an obvious step to make the new shower-baths available to the public, at fifty francs a time; but no one other than M. Marchal would have thought of persuading the headmaster of the schools to send all the children to have free shower-baths once a week. "Good publicity, excellent propaganda," commented M. Marchal with his deprecating smile. Like most men of ideas, he uses few words. The first we knew of the results of a further train of thought was the appearance in the market-hall of a large sign advertising "*Perrier—L'Eau qui fait Pschitt!*" And we soon found ourselves going to do our marketing surrounded by other signs advertising brands of apéritifs, perfumes, and disinfectants. "Half a million francs' worth of publicity space already sold," announced M. Marchal, whose office table was now becoming littered with correspondence with Paris firms. "And it's an annual revenue for the town, mark you. The Mayor is already thinking of reducing the town rates and taxes for next year."

Our team, meanwhile, was struggling hard to maintain its place in the Division Nationale. It was not entirely safe from relegation when the last match of the season began. The advertisement-decorated market-hall contained a record number of spectators. Most of the councillors were present with the Mayor, who had not yet decided to destroy the letter of resignation that was addressed to the Préfet. At half-time our team was a few points ahead, and the members of the Town Council were smiling. At one moment, when a home player failed to put the ball in the net, the Communist faction started pointing at the councillors and shouting the slogan "*Les têtes dans le panier!*" But it was an half-hearted demonstration that was greeted with counter-cheers as our team increased its lead and went on to win by twelve points. Press photographers took photos of our breathless but smiling players, still in the Division d'Excellence Nationale. The Mayor posed before the cameras; while M. Marchal, leaving the market-hall, gave a beatific smile to his assembled family.

The name of our town is still featured on weekly sports pages; the children of the neighbourhood can be seen each week leaving the market hall in crocodile, washed and shining; the rates have been reduced; and our Mayor and his party are expected to increase their majority at the next municipal elections. When next you pass a game of basket-ball, and particularly if it is our team playing—*chapeau bas, messieurs.*

LEN ORTZEN

Windsor Tub-thumping *by the ERCOLion*

"Behold my Windsor Tub chair," *said the ERCOLion*, "designed for people of taste who have little money to indulge it and small room to exercise it. Observe please the sturdy construction, the handsome spring-filled or foam rubber tapestry cushion, cushioned on cable springs, the mellow waxed finish, the admirable lines and quiet beauty. Feast your eyes on it. Sit on it, or knit in it. Rest, read or write in it. It will give you comfort in repose and support in employment. Supplies are shared by all good furniture shops on the principle of fair chairs for all, whether in natural or dark wood."

FURNITURE INDUSTRIES LIMITED · HIGH WYCOMBE · BUCKS

The Arts and Entertainment

ALDEBURGH

ALDEBURGH must be the most enjoyable of all festivals. In a foreword to this year's programme the Earl of Harewood speculates on its essence while he supposes—horrid imagining—an exported Aldeburgh: the sea would have to be taken, the grey, inimical sea of *Grimes* (yet surprisingly welcoming at the shore) which stretches to an horizon amazingly distant. The whole town would have to go, and also the audience, friendly congenial company who smile in the streets because they are happy to be here. Probably Aldeburgh was as delightful a place twenty years ago, before it acquired a local genius. But as Constable altered for ever the aspect of Salisbury Cathedral, so we hear now Crabbe's "murmur of the ocean flood, With not a sound beside," through different ears.

This year's visitors are the boys of the Copenhagen Royal Choir, who sang Benjamin Britten's *Ceremony of Carols* in the Parish Church last Saturday. The work, written ten years ago, is a masterpiece of transcendental beauty which catches at the heart. The ravishing harp part beautifully played by Enid Simon; the choir avoided both the blanched, breathy, toneless fluting which is so often our "cathedral tone," and the admirably passionate and vibrant sounds of Italian trebles (who aim at being little Caniglias, while English choristers, at their best, emulate Miss Baillie). These Danish boys sing with a steady, even-coloured but not colourless tone, pure and unforced from middle C to A above the stave. The long breath of their phrasing is astonishing, and they keep in tune. The singing is seldom spontaneous, and not what is conventionally called expressive; but a clear, cool and beautifully phrased account of Pergolesi's sweetly poignant *Stabat Mater* (with several excellent solos) achieved an expressiveness of its own. Mogens Woldike, the conductor, secures precise and finely pointed performances. A later concert, in the Jubilee Hall, included two distinguished examples of Danish song: Gade's lullaby *Sol deroppe*, and Nielsen's nostalgic *Underlige Aftenlufte*.

The only disappointment, this year, is that there is no Britten opera. Still, Arthur Oldham's version of *Love in a Village*, in Basil Coleman's sprightly production and Osbert Lancaster's smart and pretty sets, was fresh and pleasing. The original is a ballad opera, probably compiled by Isaac Bickerstaffe (whose libretto has some extremely funny lines) and Arne, who wrote about half the music. After *The Beggar's Opera*, Oldham's realisation in the same manner was bound to suffer by comparison. The scoring, for the usual English Opera Group 12-piece band, and the figuration show talents, but there is often a sense of contrivance and they lack the light touch and imaginative recreation of Britten's piece. April Cantelo made a pretty heroine, but in the end it was really the splendid acting of Peter Pears (in a rich and rounded comic study of a bucolic squire), Norman Lumsden and Gladys Parr, which made it enjoyable.

Other events must be noted briefly. In an opera recital the artistry of Joan Cross and Peter Pears showed that it is possible to *sing* translated opera. The Amadeus, surely our best quartet (but has really lush, sensuous quartet tone become an Italian prerogative?), played Mozart and Schumann with Benjamin Britten, whose phrasing of the lyrical strains was unforgettable. Peter Fricker's Quartet in One Movement, the piece which first brought his name before the public, is a vital, compelling work, lucid in intention and execution, with a beauty of sound in the last two sections that is an element in his style too seldom appreciated.

The rest of the week offered Schütz's Matthew Passion, Britten playing the early Mozart E flat concerto, K.271, his cantata *Rejoice in the Lamb*, and a new choral work by Lennox Berkeley. These are dips at random: one could as well have chosen Imogen Holst's lecture on English word-setting (illustrated by Deller), Mewton Wood's and Primrose's recital, Pears and Ferrier singing the new *Canticle*, or the Hindemith, Saint-Saens, Poulenc chamber concert. Then too in a private studio Sir Kenneth Clark has arranged an exhibition of Charles Keene, that *Punch* draughtsman whom Whistler called "the greatest English artist since Hogarth." The church hall is filled with John Pipers.

ANDREW PORTER

LESSER THAN MACBETH

EVERYONE was hoping last week that, after an inauspicious start at Stratford, Sir Ralph Richardson would pull out the stops and give us an uninhibited full-blooded Macbeth. But it was not to be. *Macbeth*, which, for some reason that perhaps only actors can explain, has defeated so many hopes, defeated them again. It may be that Sir Ralph was attempting some new interpretation of the role which either he failed to put across or we were too dense to pick up. The new, or different, interpretation is a standing temptation to actors and producers now that Shakespeare is so widely, and on the whole, so well performed. But the part of Macbeth offers little opportunity for such an approach; or, to put it another way, whatever new is put in, two things cannot be left out if the play is to succeed in performance. First Macbeth must be made at the beginning and at the end visibly a fighter, and secondly the whole play must at the very least come alive as a grisly horror story.

Neither of these conditions was fulfilled at Stratford. The Macbeth Sir Ralph presented to us could never have won a battle at all, unless one were to suppose that in the fighting before the play he had received the last of a series of severe concussions. This alone would explain why he should meander, punch drunk, through the events that followed. Without force or violence from him the melodrama can never catch light. Even the murder scene here could hardly have been tamer. "Is this a dagger that I see before me?" The question was speculatively posed, as if expecting the answer: "Dear me, yes I rather believe it is." There were certainly less of the vagaries of intonation which marred Sir Ralph's Prospero, but the immense varieties and subtleties of the verse were overborne by a kind of dazed monotony of delivery that wore us down. It is truly one of the mysteries of the theatre that so fine an actor could make so poor a showing in this part.

Mr. John Gielgud's production did not have much chance against these odds, which was a pity for there were many points of interest in it. First, the scenery designed by himself in collaboration with Mr. Michael Northern, was a timely reminder of other modes than the current permanent set obsession. The references, as musicians say, to Gordon Craig (heights and depths suggested by black curtains) may serve to loosen up the fixed mould in which designers are in danger of becoming set. It was something of a relief to see "tabs" in use again, and to have the banquet scene, for instance, set behind them and revealed to us, instead of in the present convention, having the whole paraphernalia wheeled on (probably into the open air) by the serving gentlemen. But I confess I found the effect rather spoiled by the pretty costumes supplied by Mr. Kenneth Rowell. They were certainly a long way from the cow-horn convention, the vaguely Viking look; but is prettiness really the note for *Macbeth*?

The production itself was clear and straightforward, but it caught something of the lack of variety from the principal actor. Two touches seemed to me to be unhappy: the ending, where the last we saw of Macbeth was his being chased off-stage by a sword-brandishing Macduff. This was more ludicrous than tragic. And then surely it is a mistake to allow Lady Macbeth to play her sleepwalking as if it were a continuation of Ophelia's mad scene. Miss Margaret Leighton made a brave shot at a part for which she is not yet quite ready. She produced from time to time the harsh, hard notes that thrilled, and would have carried the performance, but she couldn't sustain them and then she would fall too far out of character, making little drooping runs for the curtains and clinging to them. This the producer should have prevented. The rest of the cast made the impression of carrying their parts off without discredit rather than of actively succeeding with them.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

Italian Film Festival, at the New Gallery
"Who Goes There?", at the Carlton

There is an Italian Film Festival going on, though you might not know it. Perhaps, except in a general sort of way, you aren't even meant to know it. Publicity (temperamental sprite) has inspired some photographs of film stars in the press; the stars themselves—one of them, at least, exceedingly beautiful—are here and to be seen; but may we know where, when? Certainly not! And as for the films: well, a programme has been put out among the small ads., but what, apparently, is a programme?

So far as I am concerned, I received a fortnight ago a thick typescript headed "Festival News, No. 1", dates, lists, star shine—it all seemed quite businesslike. But no No. 2 followed. An invitation to a Unitalia cocktail party reached me, and no press ticket. The telephone number recommended was always engaged. At 10.30 on Monday morning, therefore—the opening of the Festival—I presented myself at the New Gallery. A film would be shown, though not the one advertised. The whole tabulation had been rearranged, nobody knew how. Some fifty or so people were present. Are there no other or better ways of running a film festival? Two years ago, festivating at Biarritz, I discussed this matter of festivals with Mr. Lindsay Anderson and others. We agreed that any such gala in England would require two things: a small town, pleasant in itself, and either municipal or government support. We could—given the money—make a success at Oxford or Bath, or even Brighton; if others provided the money, we would—with some heart-burning—find the films. The subject has never been mentioned between us since. Perhaps film festivals need the South; certainly they need incitement and an intelligent native push, neither here existent. I don't count Edinburgh. Some good films are shown there, but the aim is restricted, the air chill, and such geniality as arises is due to the Festival in general. London, we decided, was quite out of the question. But even in London, I believe, we could have arranged things rather better than the Italians have done.

Yet they have the first requisite: good films to show. On Monday morning the few who trickled into the New Gallery were rewarded with *Il Cammino della Speranza* (*The Road to Hope*). This was a story, beautifully typed and landscaped, of Sicilian out-of-work miners who, some with families, travel north to try for their Eldorado: the French frontier. They have a hard time of it. Escape, in a land of unemployment, is a crime against which almost everyone—individuals, police, unions, government—have set themselves. The small secret band of emigrés grows smaller; a snowstorm makes terrible the last stage over the mountains; but a dozen or so arrive, to the hope of work, bread, and wine. This is, I believe, the third film of Pietro Germi we have seen here, and a huge improvement on the melodrama of the other two. Its spirit is early Russian, touched by De Sica. Compassion has not yet hardened into bigotry, and haloes aren't two a penny. When the revolution is won, and underdog has become overdog, away will fly truth and feeling out of the window. Social art flourishes in opposition, where opposition is allowed.

Among the other films to be shown are: De Sica's *Miracolo a Milano*, Emmer's *Le Ragazze di Piazza di Spagna*, Castellani's *Due Soldi di Speranza*, Camerini's *Moglie Per Une Notte*, and Lucino Visconti's *Bellissima* (with Anna Magnani). When they will be shown I cannot, of course, tell you. The Festival ends on Sunday.

Who Goes There? (directed by Anthony Kimmins) is a stage farce about busbies and a household in St. James's Palace that has a front door conveniently on the latch. Into this drawing-room come guardsmen from their beat outside, fainting Irish maids, the Assistant Gold Stick, his black-sheep son and snow-white daughter. I imagine that the whole piece would be twice as funny in a theatre, but even on a screen it can make us laugh, thanks to good performances from George Cole, Nigel Patrick, Valerie Hobson, Peggy Cummins, and A. E. Matthews.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

IT is an irony of theatrical history that the voice of the actor until recent times has lived on only in the words of the writer. Professor Isaacs, in his superb and almost hypnotic lecture, *The Voice of the Actor*, really combined the manner of the one with the style of the other—though, to follow the distinction on which he based his thesis, it was "the subtle intelligence of the modern metropolitan school" rather than the sonorous importance of the older kind that he showed, himself, as speaker and as critic. Apart from being a brilliant exposition, this talk, with its recorded illustrations, had value as a work possible only in terms of radio. It reminded us through its examples that the real conflict between old and new was between the legend (which includes the words of Cibber, Hazlitt, Beerbohm and others) and the direct voice itself. Reputation upheld the magic of the speeches we heard from Irving and from Bernhardt (still a golden sound if indecipherable), though they were nearly drowned, as they can never have been in life, by the rusty tracks of very old recordings. But it was the modern side that furnished the most impressive performance of the evening—Alec Guinness in the tremendous final speech of *Dr. Faustus*.

Tuesday between 8 and 9 seems a marked time for coincident programmes. Last week, while Mr. Vaughan Thomas on the Light was making a survey of contemporary English cooking, listening gourmets were being offered on the Home a feature about the nineteenth-century chef and food expert, Alexis Soyer. The second, which I chose, was a disappointment, considering the theme and the producer. Soyer, even in the setting of history, was a remarkable man; perhaps the first (as it was pointed out) to put his sophisticated knowledge which pleased the Reform Club to large-scale social use. This mechanical and sometimes noisy programme travelled without variation in emphasis through its tracts of material. It would really have made an excellent talk. Compare Ernest Dudley's short account of another unusual and too-little known character, *The Blind Magistrate*, Sir John Fielding, half-brother to the novelist. It is easy to imagine how this interesting talk might have been turned, with less effect, into an indifferent routine feature.

Yet it is not always the case. A particularly effective Home Service feature in the same week (Philip Woodruff's *The Man on the Spot*) provided the critical listener with a natural comparison. The subject—episodes illustrating the psychological problems of very early British administrators in India—had, like many features, strangeness rather than design. The quality, I should say, came partly from the clear-cut treatment of the material by the writer, but still more from the deliberate and varied timing, the clear background, and the use made of silence by the producer, Nesta Pain.

Because of space, several good talks must be passed over, among them Bonamy Dobrée's persuasive view of the unexplored later Kipling (*The Breaking Strain*). The Samuel Butler half-centenary lectures, opened inimitably by E. M. Forster, may wait till another week, when others have been given. But I do not wish to leave unmentioned Thomas Mann's magnificent contribution (following that of Casals) to the Third Programme series on *The Artist in Society*. Here again, a speaker, while ranging widely in ideas, could startle by treating the subject with a bold and, to-day, an unfamiliar exactness. This, and the more intense and literary talk of Jules de Supervielle which came after, may be read in *The Listener*. But the written word, valuable though it is in these three essays, does not wholly convey the personality of the three writers—the grave Spaniard, the wise and humorous German, and the earnest, elegant Frenchman, all speaking with great distinction of manner, in the English language.

NAOMI LEWIS

Autumn Fire, at the Irving Theatre.

When a man of sixty, still full of the "lust of the eye and the pride of life," picks for his second wife a pretty young girl, with whom his grown-up son is in love and who is hated by his soured, work-ridden daughter, there is scope enough for dramatic conflict and tragedy. But in this play of southern Irish farm life, now revived at the Irving Theatre, there is no real conflict: the pretty girl neither struggles with youth in deciding against the son in favour of his rich father, nor does she, later, display any resistance to the priest's edict that the son must leave the farm to avert "deadly sin." As for tragedy, the farmer's pride is overturned, leaving him sadly telling his beads, not as a direct result of his challenge to time, but because he is crippled accidently through falling off his horse. The production, with an excellent cast, recreates well enough the "atmosphere," and Mr. William Sherwood gives a forceful and sympathetic study of the farmer. But the piece is curiously dated, and the actors could not save the characters from being stock figures from a period in the Abbey Theatre which now seems remote and flat.

A. V.

"... blissful companion for the contented fireside hours"
— BARNEYS

"No doubt you receive a great many appreciative letters from time to time about "Barney's" but, nevertheless, I feel I must write to tell you what "Barney's" has meant to me through the years. I have not gone through all the vicissitudes of fortune experienced by some of your customers, but am merely an ordinary pipe smoker who finds that "Barney's" during the day helps with the most abstruse calculations, and, better still, it is the most blissful companion for the contented fireside hours."

The original letter can be seen at, and enquiries addressed to, Barneys Sales Bureau, 24, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

Smokers abroad can arrange for regular personal despatches, Ex-Bond and British Duty Free, in 2-lb. parcels, to many lands, but not as yet to all.

Pouchbowls (left). Barneys (medium) and Parsons Pleasure (mild). Home Price 4 3d. oz.

(127) John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

NEWS FROM THE FISHING INDUSTRY

Voyage of Discovery

On February 11th last, the British trawler "Loch Doon" sailed home and into the headlines of scores of newspapers. Braving dense pack-ice and 'bergs "as big as the Albert Hall," she had penetrated farther in her quest for fish than any British trawler had ever been at this season of the year. Round the tip of Greenland she went, then up the Davis Strait towards Baffin Bay.

The reward of her exploit? Nearly 30,000 stone of fine fish. But far more important than her individual success are the implications of the trip. The "Loch Doon" and her crew have proved that the passage to one of Greenland's richest fishing grounds is not, as was formerly believed, impossible during the winter months. True, hardships and hazards abound, but the way is open to men of courage and endurance.

Next winter it is certain that other British vessels will attempt the trip and, if all goes well, real progress will have been made in the drive to bring housewives more and consequently cheaper fish in the months of scarcity.

As one great national newspaper said of the voyage: "*This is the spirit which sent Drake out in his cockleshell to sail uncharted seas. It is the spirit that we need today.*"

British trawlers know their job!

Issued by the British Trawlers' Federation Limited

Correspondence

LABOUR'S POLICY

SIR,—Mr. Fienburgh appears to want a Labour Party with a lot of money and no leadership. To compete in the same form with the Tory organisation of 1946-1951 would require a personnel of not less than 2,000 allowing an average salary of £500 per annum. This would cost £1 million for salaries alone.

Mr. Fienburgh suggests, and I do not disagree, that a Labour Party agent's salary is inadequate. How much additional money would be required to enable the staff to do its work properly, to meet the cost of propaganda and electioneering, excites the imagination. Again, to suggest that Labour Party policy can be left to the acceptance or rejection of a composite resolution is a complete abrogation of Party leadership. My own view is that the greatest weakness of the present type of Labour Party conference is precisely the process of compositing resolutions. All composite resolutions must include every principle outlined in the resolutions considered at the group meetings held before the Conference meets. This means that there is usually one point which is either unacceptable or impracticable and which leads to a call for its rejection from the platform, even though 90 per cent of the resolution may be desirable.

The Executive system of issuing policy statements is not a post-war habit as Mr. Fienburgh suggests. Has he forgotten *Labour and the New Social Order*, *Labour and the Nation*, *Labour's Immediate Programme*, and *The Old World and the New Society*? While it may well be true that this system has its weaknesses, it has the merit of producing in a single document a unity which is intelligible to Party members and to the electorate who, after all, have to decide whether a Labour Government shall be elected.

A. E. TIFFIN

Beulah Hill, London, S.E.19.

SIR,—In the London Diary of June 7 it is implied that the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party gave local organisations inadequate time to consider the detailed questions posed in the pamphlet entitled *Problems of Foreign Policy* and to make their views known to Transport House.

Such a comment can only be based on misunderstanding of the facts and I regret that the writer did not take the precaution of making inquiries at Transport House before creating erroneous impressions in the minds of his readers.

The facts are that the National Executive Committee decided in December on two courses of action: first, that a series of sub-committees should be appointed to review important fields of policy, and, secondly, that simultaneously a series of discussion pamphlets should be prepared. These publications would pose the most vital questions for discussion in the Movement, and parties would be asked to submit their conclusions to the National Executive Committee for information and guidance before a final and comprehensive statement of policy was prepared. At no time was it intended to complete the study in time for this year's Conference at Morecambe. Indeed, it would be an impossibility. Some of the discussion pamphlets now being prepared are unlikely to be in the hands of local parties until the end of July or early August. These could not, of course, be adequately considered and acted upon before Conference meets in September.

It was always intended that the work of the sub-committees and the discussions by local organisations should continue until well after the next Annual Conference, but it would be quite unrealistic to believe that discussions of major policy at the forthcoming Annual Conference could be postponed until the comprehensive statement is published. Indeed, it is vital that the Morecambe Conference should make its contribution to the formulation of policy.

To achieve this we proposed in the meantime to issue interim statements with which to further assist the discussions both within the local parties and at the Annual Conference. When full consideration has been given to all the publications contemplated, the N.E.C. and its respective sub-committees will be in possession of the views of the movement and will be able to go ahead with the task of preparing that final and comprehensive statement of policy originally planned.

MORGAN PHILLIPS, *Secretary*

Labour Party,
Transport House, S.W.1.

SIR,—If the Foreign Policy statement recently approved by the National Executive of the Labour Party were a final draft, it would indeed be disheartening to those in Constituency Parties who have been debating the issues raised in the N.E.C. discussion pamphlet on Foreign Policy.

The authors of this pamphlet took no account of the economic background in general, or the question of world population and food in particular. In an attempt to direct attention to these factors and their bearing on foreign policy the Ealing South Labour Party decided to call a Delegate Conference of all Constituency Labour Parties and Trade Unions in Greater London. It was not to be a policy-forming conference and only members of the party could attend. An ex-Minister and another well-known M.P. agreed to speak; a third accepted the chair. Four Labour M.P.s, including another ex-Minister, and a Labour peer, sponsored the meeting. Opinion from impeccable sources held that it was constitutional for a Constituency Party to call such a conference.

However, as soon as Transport House heard of it, an agent appeared from the London Labour Party with the assertion that we were acting unconstitutionally, in that it was not part of the function of a Constituency Party to call regional conferences.

A visit to the National Organiser elicited the statement that *there was nothing in the written constitution of the Party which barred us from calling such a conference*, but we were again urged not to go on with it. We were left in no doubt that the N.E.C. would ban our meeting if we persisted in holding it. We approached the London Labour Party, whose Executive was asked to consider the suggestion that it take over and run the conference.

The London Labour Party Executive rejected the proposition, stating that if the suggestion had been made to the Executive that it should call a conference on Foreign Policy with particular reference to the world food situation, it would have given most sympathetic consideration to such a request, but the conference would have been its, and the arrangements would have been such as it directed.

We are then left with the following situation. The Executive of the Labour Party issues a very one-sided document on foreign policy and calls for discussion in terms of the ready-made background thus provided. An attempt by a Constituency to initiate discussion in terms of an alternative background is met by a threat to ban the discussion and the demand that conference arrangements be referred to the relevant Regional Council—in our case the London Labour Party. This body, however, insists that it will only hold conferences in its own way—which obviously includes the choice of speakers and the presentation of material.

If this ruling remains unchallenged it means that any Constituency Party holding independent views is effectively isolated. It can find no platform within the Labour Party from which to present its case.

For the health of the Party it is imperative, especially now we are in opposition, to allow full discussion and dissemination of views. We have to evolve a Socialist foreign policy and it has to be *acceptable* to the majority in the Labour Party.

N. COGHILL
J. MENDELSTAM
F. M. SLEE

178 The Grove,
London, W.5.

YOUNG CONSERVATIVES

SIR,—I cannot let Mr. Pringle's comments on the Young Conservative and Senior Association pass without drawing attention to his jaundiced and somewhat misleading conception of the Conservative Party Organisation. The fact that the Young Conservatives have greatly increased their membership in the past few years surely gives the lie to Mr. Pringle's claim that the younger members are "neatly sidetracked into a juvenile blind alley." Speaking as a Young Conservative myself, I can assure you that I should not be content to be so sidetracked, and I speak for the main body of Young Conservatives.

On the contrary, the Young Conservative Movement has equal representation in the councils of the Party at all levels, and contributes to the policy through resolutions which are fostered throughout the Party Organisation. As for interference in Young Conservative matters by senior members, this only occurs in cases of direct irresponsibility, and then usually in the form of well-meaning advice.

Young Conservative Branches are self-supporting and, indeed, in many cases they contribute to the central fund, so there is no cause for a "servile attitude."

If there is a tendency for his branch to indulge in "fatuous social activities," to quote Mr. Pringle, then the fault must lie with the chairman, who perhaps prefers this form of Party work to the discussion groups, mock parliaments, political and non-political lectures, and a host of interesting and informative pursuits in which most Young Conservative Branches indulge.

May I close by saying this? Mr. Pringle ceased to be chairman of the Malden Branch on May 27, when, at a special general meeting, he received an overwhelming vote of no confidence against him, and therefore he had no right to sign himself thus, and express views which are peculiarly his.

PHILIP WILSON
Chairman

Surrey Group,
Young Conservatives.

GERMAN UNITY

SIR,—Your issue of May 31 reported about a meeting which allegedly took place between "representatives" of the German Social Democratic Party and the Socialist Unity Party of the Eastern Zone of Germany in Vienna. The report stated that an agreement might have been reached between the representatives of the two parties "had it not been bitterly opposed at Bonn by the French Socialist delegation."

There is not a word of truth in this. No meeting

AUGUST 2——AUGUST 23

SUMMER SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Director of Music: WILLIAM GLOCK Secretary: JOHN AMIS.

BRYANSTON, DORSET

Festival — School — Holiday

FOR ALL MUSIC LOVERS

(1) CONCERT GOERS: Concerts and talks on works to be played.
(2) STUDENTS: Concerts, Lectures, Classes and Individual Tuition.
(3) CHAMBER MUSIC PLAYERS: Coaching, Concerts, &c.
(4) CHORAL SINGERS: A major work rehearsed and performed each week.

Come for a week or more, have a wonderful holiday and all the music for the same price as an hotel. Send 3d. stamp for Illustrated Prospectus and Programmes to Sec., 29a, Holland Villas Road, London, W.14.

GEORGES ENESCO
NORMAN DEL MAR
DENIS MATTHEWS
MEWTON-WOOD
ALAN RAWSTHORNE
MICHAEL TIPPETT
VEGH QUARTET
AMADEUS QUARTET
ARDA MANDIKIAN
GEORGE MALCOLM
OLIVE ZORIAN
MARIA DONSKA
APRIL CANTELO
MONICA SINCLAIR
BOYD NEEL ORCHESTRA

took place between representatives of the German Social Democratic Party and German Communists in Vienna—such a meeting would completely run counter the whole attitude of German Social Democrats; nor did the French Socialists at Bonn oppose any such alleged agreement. Your entire report, to which you added that it published "an open secret", is a free invention from beginning to the end.

You will understand that this lie affects me deeper than any other misrepresentation for it fits exactly into the scheme of those opponents of the S.P.D. who try to discredit the S.P.D.'s opposition to the recently concluded pacts by accusing the S.P.D. of secretly sympathising with the Russians or even of having concluded secret agreements with them. Such statements are of the same nature as the well-known Zinoviev letter of the year 1924 and deserve in my opinion the same treatment as that slanderous letter received 24 years ago by the British Labour Party.

WILLI EICHLER,
Member of the Executive Committee of the S.P.D.
Deutscher Bundestag,
Bonn.

[Reference is made to this letter in our Comments on page 718 of this issue.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

DESMOND MACCARTHY

SIR,—May I be allowed to add a postscript to Mr. Woolf's delightful account of Desmond MacCarthy as Literary Editor of *The New Statesman*? Some of us must be indebted so long as we live to one of his qualities—a love of finding, presenting and training young contributors.

Critics that first became known through his enterprise include, I believe, G. W. Stonier, Peter Quennell, Edward Sackville West and Cyril Connolly (you, sir, could surely add a number of others). For my part, I owe him more than I can ever express: having launched me as a reviewer, he used to go through everything I wrote, pointing out faults, suggesting improvements, and careful also to inspirit me with praise.

He would always rather talk than work; yet no pains were too great when it came to reshaping a sentence, whether his own or another's. Those of us who were his pupils are grateful to him as the wisest, kindest and most severe of tutors.

Wimborne. RAYMOND MORTIMER

SIR,—Numberless friends of Desmond MacCarthy, we may be sure, have read Mr. Leonard Woolf's tribute with warm approval; yet I should be surprised if the few survivors of the early *New Statesman* group do not feel impelled to challenge more than one of his specific statements.

During the years of Desmond's literary editorship I saw a good deal of him and Clifford Sharp together. Contrasts though they were, they enjoyed a relationship that had in it a genuine affection, and I do not recall that any one of us at that time was aware of a "bleak, cold Sharpian atmosphere" in the office. Sharp's leading characteristic was swiftness of judgment on any matter that came up, and if one gave him a direct response he was not merely fair but also generous. In the paragraph describing Sharp and the make-up of the pages, Desmond, I suggest, was allowing himself a little latitude. As a matter of fact, Sharp did not always apply the test of readability "from end to end." I once threw out a word of sympathy with him on account of the Webbs' weighty series, "What is Socialism?" Not at all, said he, it was no bad thing for a weekly to print good stuff that the reader would put aside for a more convenient time. S. K. RATCLIFFE

1A Oakwood Road,
N.W.11.

THE FILM CRISIS

SIR,—In examining the invaluable P.E.P. report, *The British Film Industry*, Mr. Nicholas Davenport falls into the trap, which many of us stumble upon, of saying how complicated the whole problem is; even in its 307 pages the P.E.P. report has not been able to probe everywhere, and it makes no claim to solve all the complexities. As a result, although half the population of Britain goes to the cinema every week, the public is scared away from the problem, and many film-makers themselves are only concerned with where the next job will come from.

In reality, the film industry is one that is concerned with making profit; it is highly monopolised, and much is controlled from abroad. In type, therefore, it is not an especially peculiar industry. To a Socialist the method of righting such a state of affairs is not all that difficult. Mr. Davenport is sufficiently progressive to be angry that the National Film Finance Corporation, which was ostensibly set up to help small independent producers, now mainly assists the monopolistic J. Arthur Rank Organisation and Associated British Picture Corporation.

But Mr. Davenport seems to be rather too concerned that the industry should "make a decent profit," and that production should be made efficient—as if these were solutions. The former has been the precise reason for the complex structure of this particular capitalist industry, and the latter is being achieved by the producers in a typically "class" manner; productivity has increased to a startling degree, and while far less is spent on labour on the average picture these days, the studio owners seem to get more. Further, instead of studios being allowed to stand unprofitably idle as reminders of the years of expanding British film production, the present Government (true to doctrinaire Toryism) is more concerned that the rent be paid and our well-equipped and experienced studios lost to film-making.

The whole film industry has become a candidate for the Socialist solution of nationalisation; but to provide British pictures for our cinemas and food for our film-makers until nationalisation is achieved, film production will have, as the P.E.P. report suggests, to be properly protected from unfair American competition and will have to receive a regular dose of public money. CHRISTOPHER BRUNEL

Gerrards Cross,
Bucks.

THE OPERA SCHOOL

SIR,—The Opera School (Principals Joan Cross, C.B.E., and Anne Wood) was founded in 1949 to give two- and three-year courses in acting for opera. Students, who have come from all over the world, choose their own singing teachers, and the School co-operates. Former students are already working for Covent Garden, Sadler's Wells, the English Opera Group, and the Carl Rosa Company; all these companies approve of the work of the School and desire its continuance.

But there is no money, and the School must close. The Arts Council grant is ceasing because the Council apparently no longer aids training schemes; the Ministry of Education approves the scheme but has no funds available; the resources of the opera companies are fully committed.

As the Governors, who have great faith in the School and in what it has already achieved, we feel justified in appealing to the public.

£85 a year pays for one student. If twenty people agree to give a scholarship of this amount and thus adopt an individual student, the School can continue for another year and some deserving students will be able to finish the training that would otherwise be interrupted; if the same people provide £50 a year under a seven-year covenant, the future may well be assured. Smaller sums from a larger number will be equally satisfactory. £500 has already been promised to the general funds if enough is raised for scholarships.

Anyone willing to give part or the whole of such a scholarship is invited to write to the Principals at The de Walden Institute, Charlbert Street, London, N.W.8.

J. H. LAWRIE — BENJAMIN BRITTEN
L. A. COLLINGWOOD — PETER COX
W. J. DOUGLAS — JOHN GIELGUD
ANTHONY J. GISHFORD — HAREWOOD
EVA ROSEBERY

AN EXCEPTION

SIR,—Mr. Davidson says "shamefully enough not one student at the University College of Ibadan comes from Kano City." There is, in fact, a student who was born and educated in Kano named Imam Kano. He is the son of the late Alkali of the Chief Native Court, Kano. He has been at Ibadan University College for the last four years and I hope will be coming to this country shortly to complete his medical course at one of our hospitals.

Your correspondent will no doubt still regard it as "shameful" to somebody that there are not more students from Kano City but I am surprised that, as he was going into the origin of the Nigerian students at the College, he did not hear of this one from Kano. E. K. FEATHERSTONE
Commissioner for Nigeria in the United Kingdom

SOVIET DEFENCE

SIR,—Your conclusion from figures quoted in my article that there are no grounds for suggesting that from 1947-51 there was any significant increase in Soviet military preparations does not follow, since the size of the whole industrial economy nearly doubled in that period. A comment to this effect in my article was omitted for reasons of space.

The University, J. MILLER
Glasgow.

[The table appended to Mr. Miller's article showed that Soviet Defence expenditure, in milliard roubles, rose from 7.8 to 19.6 to 83 in 1950. The plan figures for 1951 and 1952 are 96 and 114 respectively.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

R. C. TREVELYAN

SIR,—Several of Robert Trevelyan's friends wish to perpetuate his memory in some practical way. An opportunity now occurs of purchasing his library and presenting it to Birkbeck College, London, as a permanent memorial to him. This very personal collection of about 4,500 volumes can be bought for £600. Of this over £400 has already been promised, and we ask all his friends to help to complete the sum. A subscription of 5s. will not be too small, and we need hardly say that no subscription will be too big. In addition to £600 a certain amount of money may be required for incidental expenses, such as carriage, etc. All donations, which will be acknowledged gratefully, should be sent to Mrs. Wood, 57 Gordon Mansions, Torrington Place, W.C.1.

DESMOND MACCARTHY,
RALPH WEDGWOOD,
RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

" This excellent book "
HOWARD SPRING *(Country Life)*

J. C. MASTERMAN

his book about

OXFORD

To Teach the Senators Wisdom

or

An OXFORD Guide-Book

Illustrated 15/- net

What drives a scientist towards Communism?

Moment of Decision

A novel with real point for every thinking person by S. B. HOUGH. *(10/6 net)*

The Publishers are
HODDER & STOUGHTON, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

SPRING SOWING

SUMMER REAPING

A VERY BRIEF SELECTION

RICHARD CHURCH
The Nightingale
"This novel is a triumph of quietness, of means adapted to evils, of essential simplicity; and I am sure we shall find it still speaking to us when the more highly-pitched utterances of our time have died away into silence"
—MORCHARD BISHOP (*John o' London*). 10s. 6d.

VIVIAN CONNELL
September in Quinze
The author of *The Chinese Room* (of which over 3,000,000 have now been sold) strips bare the odd emotions and bizarre practices that teem below the colourful surface of a modern Riviera town in a frank and clinical manner.
June 26. 12s. 6d.

RETROSPECT
THE MEMOIRS OF
VISCOUNT SIMON
Acclaimed in a wide and enthusiastic press—
"A record of great achievement"—*Daily Graphic*. 32 illus. 25s.

LION FEUCHTWANGER
This is the Hour
"Holds the lead he won 30 years ago with Jew Süss."—G. M. THOMSON (*E. Standard*). 15s.

ROBERT NEUMANN
Insurrection in Poshansk
"A remarkable feat,"—C. P. SNOW (*S. Times*). "Moments of sharp and grisly comedy,"—*The Times*. 12s. 6d.

MOON IN SCORPIO
THE SECOND NOVEL BY
ROBERT NEILL
The author of last year's highly successful "Mist Over Pendle," described by C. P. Snow (*S. Times*) as "A natural story-teller."
June 26. 12s. 6d.

NANCY SPAIN
Out Damned, Tot!
The question who killed Evelyn St. Leonards (the highest-paid children's writer in the world) is answered by the ebullient Miss Miriam Birdseye. 10s. 6d.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM
A Mingled Chime
A new impression, entirely reset, of this distinguished conductor's autobiography—with his memories of Delius and many other musical personalities. 18s.

MR. PRESIDENT—HARRY S. TRUMAN
THE FIRST TIME A U.S. PRESIDENT IN OFFICE HAS ISSUED HIS MEMOIRS.
Illustrated. 21s.

Headpiece by Clifford Webb, one of many from Days on the Farm by Ralph Wightman. July 3. 8s. 6d.

ALL PRICES ARE NET

Published by **HUTCHINSON & Company Ltd.**

HUTCHINSON HOUSE · LONDON · W.1

VON PAPEN MEMOIRS

Franz von Papen's career, whether as soldier, politician or diplomat, has been bound up with his country's history. Few German public figures can discuss it from more points of view. His *Memoirs*, starting with his boyhood experiences as Court Page, cover the period when he was Military Attaché in the U.S.A. during the 1st World War, his service against Allenby in the Middle East, his membership of the Zentrum Party during the decline of the Weimar Republic, his Reich Chancellorship, his collaboration with Hitler, his special mission to Vienna before the *Anschluss*, his Embassy in Ankara during the last war and his trial at Nuremberg. His own interpretation of events and his part in them makes this a book of outstanding interest, whether as a commentary on recent history from a German point of view, or as a personal record.
Illustrated *July* 14 25s

MAKE ME AN OFFER
Wolf Mankowitz
A first novel—and a short first novel—is supposed to be publishers' poison. *Make Me An Offer* supplies its own antidote. This story of intrigue in the lower strata of the antique trade is so funny, so moving and so unusual that it is irresistible. Illustrated by LEONARD ROSOMAN. *July* 28 7s 6d

A DICTIONARY OF THEATRICAL TERMS
Wilfred Granville
A glossary of technical and colloquial terms, slang and jargon current in 20th century theatre speech. The second volume in *The Language Library*, edited by ERIC PARTRIDGE. *July* 28. 12s 6d

Write for our list to 12 Thayer Street, W.1

ANDRE DEUTSCH

Floreat Bibliomania !

BOOK-COLLECTORS are the target for a good deal of barbed wit. Their foibles, gaily satirised by Lucian as early as the second century A.D., have to-day been mocked by Mr. Harold Nicolson and condemned by Mr. E. M. Forster. To be thought a lunatic by one's fellow-men, however, is an insignificant price to pay for a lifetime's enjoyment, and it is natural enough that a subconscious defence mechanism should cause writers and critics of new books to view with suspicion those who are mainly concerned with old ones. To the non-collector, in fact, the activities of the collector must always appear perfectly incomprehensible. The reverse is also true, though less often stated. I am reminded of a West African who enlivened a party by a parlour-trick which involved chewing the necks off beer-bottles. "How on earth do you do it?" said the astonished onlookers. "Rather might I ask how do you *not* do it?" was the polite rejoinder. How do Messrs. Nicolson and Forster *not* collect books?

From time to time a collector attempts an *apologia pro mania sua*, but enthusiasms seldom look their best on the dissecting table. I have been re-reading some of these works lately, and they seem to err in stressing before all else the high purpose and scholarly value of the pursuit, rather in the manner of a fox-hunter who seeks to justify riding to hounds by statistics of poultry losses. Great scholar-collectors there have been, of course, and our libraries would be immeasurably the poorer if it were not for their gifts and bequests; but most of the apologists feel ashamed to confess that book-collecting is first and foremost an incomparably exciting sport. The thrill lies in the chase, and once the kill has been made and the book placed in the empty niche awaiting it, the hunter's attention is diverted to some neighbouring vacancy. That many collectors spend more time and thought on books which they do not own than upon those which they do, is paradoxical but true: indeed, when further progress is barred by the completion of a collection, interest may totally evaporate. A collector has been known to sell in his lifetime the fruits of a quarter of a century's frenzied striving, and then to begin a second collection at once, financed by the proceeds of the sale of the first.

Text-books have formulated rules for the ideal collector, foremost among them an insistence that he should aim at buying only perfect copies of books in their original condition. At least one section of my small library infringes these salutary principles. I have a weakness for imperfect copies of books which in fine state would be far outside the range of my purse, a Second Folio Shakespeare and a first edition of *Paradise Lost* with two or three leaves in facsimile, a first edition of *Lamia* lacking the half-title, of *Lyrical Ballads* in a modern binding, and so on. These books would not be given shelf-room by many collectors, but surely if one's taste runs to books priced in hundreds and one's income to books priced in tens of pounds, they are a reasonable compromise. Had I foregone my score of cripples in this class I could probably have bought any one of the same books in fine original condition, but would it have given me twenty times the pleasure? My cripples, oddly enough, are strong; their modern bindings are sound; they can be lent to friends, put in one's pocket and taken up the river; and if they fell into the water it would not be the end of the world.

The history of book-collecting is a study in itself, and to pursue it I have accumulated perhaps 1,500 sale catalogues of the most important libraries placed on the market since the beginning of the eighteenth century. And lest the ignorant should construe this as a boast, I may say at once that this figure is a very modest one indeed; the late Seymour de Ricci had 30,000 sale catalogues, now in the Bibliothèque Nationale. Current book-sellers' catalogues present a grave problem. Space forbids that they should all be retained, yet it is a sad wrench to part with them. No ephemeral literature approaches them in fascination. To receive one at breakfast, to skim through it with one's porridge, possibly leaving the table to dictate a telegram if circumstances demand it, to note complacently how the books one bought for modest sums in the past have risen in price—these are among the highest pleasures of life. Only when a mountainous accumulation of catalogues demands drastic action can I bring myself to throw a proportion of them away. Then—perhaps once in three years—there is a gigantic sorting; some are earmarked for permanent retention as works of reference; the rest are reluctantly destroyed after certain material such as plates of bindings and manuscripts has been cut out and transferred to a growing series of folio scrap-books—"cutting up books to make other books," as an unsympathetic friend once described it.

The will-power necessary to get rid of books must be maintained at all costs. Even if one buys on a modest scale—say, one book a day on an average—they fill room after room with the inevitability of the rising tide. I once visited a house in Blackheath after its owner had died. It was solid books. Shelves had been abandoned years before; in every room narrow lanes ran between books stacked from floor to ceiling, ninety per cent. of them utterly inaccessible. In one of the bedrooms there was a narrow space two feet wide round the bed, and there the owner had died, almost entombed in print. This macabre glimpse of the ultimate excesses of bibliomania has always been a warning. I have no hankering after owning a really large private library, perhaps because, as a professional librarian, I have the custody of one. Accumulators on the grand scale should be made to move house every few years. Sir Thomas Phillipps, the greatest collector of manuscripts the world has ever known, in forty years reduced the living space in his substantial Georgian mansion at Middle Hill, near Broadway, to three bedrooms and one sitting room. All the rest of the rooms were filled with boxes of books and manuscripts, to the distraction of his wife and family. Nor did the move to the vastly larger Thirlestaine House at Cheltenham ameliorate their lot. "I am booked out of one wing and ratted out of the other," wrote poor Lady Phillipps in a letter to a friend. Most collectors' wives get acclimatised to the gradual contraction of their homes, though some have been known to insist that their bedrooms at any rate shall remain sanctuaries which the bookshelves must not invade. Fewer become resigned to the long hours of waiting in cars outside bookshops or contrive to conceal an air of martyrdom which is damping to the spirits. None to my knowledge collects books herself. Indeed, very few women collect anything at all, a fact which I have never seen convincingly explained. The education of collectors' wives must be started early; a visit to at least one bookshop a day throughout the honeymoon is to be recommended. I have twice observed the fearful object-lesson of the *secret* book collector. Two men of my acquaintance owned hundreds of books which they dared not bring home and which remained for years in parcels at their booksellers. Such a compromise between retaining one's books or one's wife seems to me a dubious solution, but I have the problem continually in mind.

For antiquarian booksellers I have the liveliest affection and admiration. Of course if a man adopts such a profession he publicly announces that he will spend his life dealing with collectors, that is to say that he will suffer gladly a higher proportion of neurotic fuss-pots than if he had chosen to sell blancmanges or bicycles. But even so their patience, courtesy and helpfulness constantly surprises me. Every catalogue they issue must inevitably disappoint hundreds of would-be customers who apply for items which are already sold, and a disappointed collector can be extremely unreasonable. "Mr. Thorpe," wrote Sir Thomas Phillipps to a London bookseller in 1827, "your man had the impudence to bid against me to-day at Williams' sale . . . if you try to drive me out of the field you will find me a more troublesome customer than you expect." Booksellers themselves have their quirks; many are sturdy individualists in a standardised age. There is only one trait, not fortunately a very common one, which I find hard to forgive, and that is showing a customer a book and then announcing that it is not for sale. There is a book in the West Country . . . but no, I have hopes of it yet. Even more agonising are the memories of books which one might have bought but declined. At the end of the war I could have bought Gibbon's own copy of *The Decline and Fall*, bound in contemporary red morocco, surely the most desirable copy in the world of one of my favourite books. My gratuity was burning a hole in my pocket but my judgment was atrophied by years of absence from bookshops. I can hardly bear to think of it even now.

"I suppose you read your books?" ask cynical friends from time to time, wrenching from its shelf and brusquely opening some book which they know perfectly well to be unreadable, such as the Aldine *Odyssey* on vellum, printed in an intricately contracted Greek type, or Frederick the Great's copy of a fifth-rate Roman historian. This is what the Latin grammars call a question-expecting-the-answer-no, and I do not disappoint their expectation. Reading them, I explain, is hardly necessary. Any don will agree that in

some occult manner knowledge can be imbibed merely by sitting with half-closed eyes in a room lined with books. In fact I do read a few of them and I constantly lend books to other people who I think would read them with greater profit than myself. For the most part however I just look at them or take them down and stroke them from time to time. Book-collecting, I would have you know, is a full-time occupation, and one wouldn't get far if one took time off for frivolities like reading.

A. N. L. MUNBY

TOURISTS

Escape to Sunshine. By GEORGE RAINBIRD. *Collins.* 18*s.*

An Unfinished Journey. By PETER DE POLNAY. *Wingate.* 15*s.*

A Sabine Journey. By ANTHONY RHODES. *Putnam.* 18*s.*

Spring in Sicily. By PETER QUENNELL. *Weidenfeld & Nicholson.* 15*s.*

This is the century of the permitted man. He is let out on his chits and triptyques, as a marked agent of exchange between one group of taxpayers and another. If he could reveal what was in his mind's eye as he watched the Apennines, the Alps or the Sierra, it would be a landscape with figures—decimals, the paper money of anxiety. But he is desperate for those two or three weeks of guilty freedom, before, once more rummaged through, checked at the frontier cage, he is returned to his nation's files. One can see the value for the money in Mr. Rainbird. He was lucky; France, Portugal and Spain, 4,000 miles, £147, for "Joy and me"; 8-h.p. car. More voracious than a tourist, a little keener than a passenger, he is a driver. Better, for him, to arrive than to travel. One recognises in him that pleasurable nullity, that opaqueness of mind we take abroad with us. For Mr. Rainbird is the indefatigable non-speaker of the language, the compulsive smiler in the street market, triumphant with deaf and dumb language in the hotel, the banterer of police, the suspector of guides, the price-comparer, the brusher-off of pestiferous urchins, the man who passes through this world but once and who knows when to keep his eyes shut: that (if one wishes to survive in the modern world) is most of the time. He comes home with a windscreen view of the world and enriched by an emphatic conclusion that "the main point about a long journey undertaken in such a short time is, I think, the ever-changing scene." This is tourism unalleviated by curiosity, anger or remorse—the immodest holiday.

Mr. Rainbird is basic and represents the geniality of the know-how. His book on France, Spain and Portugal is a shattering reflection on life in Oxfordshire. With Mr. de Polnay we graduate in the next phase: the low-down. ("We tried to ring the bell, but no bell was working.") Fractiousness and doubt have come in. He used to know Marseilles "in the old days"; the pushful Perigordians cannot put it across him. He had been in the Lot for fifteen years—so why can't those workmen stop hammering and isn't there a cynical error in the bill? He knows the poker-players quarrelling in the cafés; truffles, as time goes by, become overrated—why put them in everything?—and the prices are as speculative as shellac. A knowing fellow, he understands why the curtains are suddenly drawn in the room over the shop opposite the café after Mass on Sunday morning. Monsieur has just given his wife a vermouth on the terrasse and only five minutes ago went across to the shop. The door had been left open. Presently the curtains will be drawn back, monsieur will return, and one more story of Maupassant will have completed itself—only Maupassant has not written it. In the Dordogne, one would say the food is not as good as it was and the Auvergnats know nobody likes them and, actively, do not care. Mr. de Polnay is so compelled towards the low-down that one might take his book as a gay attempt to keep one off a region that evidently delights him.

Mr. de Polnay's France approaches Wigan Pier and is done by a light, clever, jaded writer who takes his pleasure with a lot of vinegar. Mr. Anthony Rhodes is young, enterprising, intelligent and fitfully bumptious. He exhibited himself on a donkey to the poor inhabitants of the Sabine mountains and went from one wretched place to another, from Rieti to Aquila, Sulmona, Tivoli and Rome and took the donkey's owner with him. A wise plan for he came by a lot of company, and he puts these people down in an entertaining way and jollies up the kind of information that goes into guide books. One way and another, there is a lot of information about contemporary Italy in the book, but it *does* come mostly from talk and there is a hangover of wartime facetiousness about the Italians whose tragicomedies call for more subtlety than a lively journalist is likely to have.

Where these three writers do not succeed is in assimilating their cultural or historical information to the text. It sticks out in indigestible lumps. Mr. Quennell's admirable *Spring in Sicily* is, as we would expect, a well-digested book, and if it is sometimes hastily written and is meant to be no more than a light mixture of travel and comment, it has the large advantage of experience, scholarship, taste and the capacity for reflection. He is little interested in "actualities" and when he touches on a subject like the *mafia* he is too urbane, romantic and summary. The *mafia* is a complex permanent resistance movement, no doubt; but it appears nowadays, to have changed into something politically unromantic and sinister, a vested interest with a nasty new colour. But Mr. Quennell's real concern is with Greek Italy, with the mysterious quarries of Syracuse, the hedonists of Girgenti, the falling and fading waves of Carthaginian, Saracen and Norman, and the marks they have left upon the towns, their architecture and their art, and this is where his poetic power of evocation and criticism is most felt. He is a polished essayist who runs naturally to the romantic conjecture:

> The quarries of Syracuse were by no means pointless since besides furnishing stone, they served again and again as places of imprisonment; yet they have something of the nightmare quality, the chilly subaqueous gloom, the air of fantastic inconsequence we find in Piranesi's etchings. All are over a hundred feet deep, some considerably deeper; and everywhere the strange shapes imposed upon the swelling and impending rock-faces seem to have had an imaginative rather than a utilitarian origin; as if an inspired but diabolical artist had set out to build a dungeon that should not only contain the prisoner's body but should also entrap and gradually undermine his spirit, intensifying his despair to the pitch of distraction by the peculiarity of the forms that day and night surround him.
>
> Thus, rising from the levelled floor, stand oddly twisted sentinel pillars, isolated for no ascertainable reason, on which we expect to see some stylite victim doomed to solitary confinement or perhaps an armed guard, hoisted there by ropes and pulleys, brooding over the aimless malefactors who drift around the column's base.

A fantasy? Yet (Mr. Quennell the humanist notes), the dark gods of man's diabolical nature periodically return to destroy civilisation. The hedonists of Girgenti were helpless and if some discovered great courage in their disaster, the polished writer of their elegy presently notes a certain pettiness in the epicurean taste. The temples of Agragos are not remarkable for themselves, but only for their brilliant placing on the skyline.

So the traveller goes on, pausing here to explain that the vernal Sicily of Theocritus was a makebelieve evoked in exile, or there that classical art was killed by satiety. The Hellenic artist was an animist; the Hellenic craftsman a wearisome dweller on the sensual surface of things. Or, turning aside, the traveller describes the slopes of Etna, the civilising of the Normans in Palermo, the extraordinary passion for the tales of the Paladins in the puppet shows of that city, the snarling of a sermon in Syracuse. Here and there one catches a studied pose, a mannerism of style overdone, but, eloquent and imaginative, Mr. Quennell is the passing, persuasive traveller who knows what he thinks and what he wants to see and who is a good deal warmer than the man of taste and paste, so common in the very literary annals of Italian travel.

V. S. PRITCHETT

CALYPSO AT SHORT LEG

Cricket All the Year. By NEVILLE CARDUS. *Collins.* 15*s.*

Next Man In. By GERALD BRODRIBB. *Putnam.* 16*s.*

W. G. Grace. By CLIFFORD BAX. **Frank Woolley.** By OLIVER WARNER. *Phoenix House.* 5*s. each.*

Straight Hit. By KEITH MILLER & R. S. WHITINGTON. *Latimer House.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In Sun and Shadow. By DENIS COMPTON. *Stanley Paul.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

All in the Game. By R. C. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW. *Dobson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Echoing Green. By JOHN ARLOTT. *Longmans.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The cricket-book season, unlike last year, has opened with a powerful, varied attack. Last May some 15 books appeared, mostly neither by cricketers nor writers of quality, all dealing defensively or bitterly with the 1950-51 M.C.C. tour of Australia. Few offered more than facts, the proper place for which is *Wisden's*. This year, though Mr. Neville Cardus with judicious timelag fills half his book with an account of that same 1950-51 tour, there are more phrases than facts, more dressing-room stories than rehashed reportage. There is, also, and this is difficult to avoid, a good deal of reprinting from newspaper articles. Sometimes, as in Mr. Robertson-Glasgow's case, these are rewarding; more often the practice results in clumsy book-making of the kind discouraging to bookseller and buyer.

Mr. Cardus, in his introduction to *Cricket All the Year*, writes: "Of the making of books on cricket there is seemingly no end. I tried to break myself of the habit years ago." Mr. Cardus, by recognising that limited virtues quickly degenerate into vices if abused, does sensible, if neglected service, to his colleagues. At any rate his own book, coaxed from him, he tells us by his publisher, affords great pleasure. Apart from a brilliant, succinct analysis of English Test match failings, Mr. Cardus offers nine new essays. Three of these are essays in general terms on Trent Bridge, Lord's, and Mr. Cardus's own cricket-watching youth. The remainder are profiles of contemporary, or near-contemporary, players: Compton, Miller, Sims, Bradman, Hutton and Rhodes. Here, in the last three particularly, Mr. Cardus works himself free of mere journalism, like a batsman passing beyond the confines of utility. He reaches for, and achieves, subtle, striking effects of analysis:

> Hutton is perfect at using the dead bat—rendering it passive, a blanket of a buffer, against which spin or sudden rise from the pitch come into contact as though with an anæsthetic.

They are beautifully written, these essays, sober in judgment, elegant in style: and none more so than the account of a recent conversation with Rhodes, one of the highlights of Mr. Cardus's art.

Mr. Brodribb, in *Next Man In*, has put flesh on the skeleton of Col. Rait Kerr's *The Laws of Cricket*. Where Col. Rait Kerr gave a straightforward account of when cricket laws changed and into what forms, Mr. Brodribb shows, by recording anomalies, how and why they changed. Mr. Brodribb, as well as being the best kind of student of statistics, is also a good writer. Well read, he discusses cricket in a civilised context and has quotations from Trollope, Miss Mary Russell Mitford, Edward Thomas and James Joyce at his elbow. He is a historian of the curious and his book is full of details such as that the score-sheet of the 1843 Gentlemen v. Players match has the entry: "C. G. Taylor, hat knocked on wicket, b. Hillyer, 89."

Next, two additions to the excellent *Cricketing Lives* series: Mr. Clifford Bax on the Nonpareil.

JUNE 20
THE BOOK SOCIETY'S CHOICE

A Many-Splendoured Thing

One of the most beautifully written and remarkable true love stories ever told.
by HAN SUYIN
Author of *Destination Chungking*
15s. net

★

ANNE TRENEER
A Stranger in the Midlands

By the author of *Schoolhouse in the Wind*, and *Cornish Years*.

F. KINGDON-WARD
Plant Hunter in Manipur

'A book which will interest a far wider public than the small company of alpine botanists' DAILY TELEGRAPH

J. KINGDON-WARD
My Hill So Strong

An account of the hazards whilst plant hunting with her husband. Illustrated.
Each 15s. net

ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED
The Character of Peoples

By the author of *Suez and Panama*, *African Journey*, etc. 12s. 6d. net

re-issue

EDWARD MacCURDY
The Mind of Leonardo da Vinci

By the editor of *The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci*. Illustrated 18s. net

★

'MAD MIKE' CALVERT's
own story of his 77 Brigade chindits on Wingate's second expedition
Prisoners of Hope
With an Introduction by
PETER FLEMING
Book Society Recommendation
with many illustrations and maps
16s. net

JONATHAN CAPE

Beatrice Webb's Diaries. 1912-1924

Edited, MARGARET COLE. *Introduction*, LORD BEVERIDGE

The personal diaries of Beatrice Webb presented in this book carry on the story which she began in *My Apprenticeship* and continued in *Our Partnership*. They cover the period of the First World War, followed by that which saw the rise of Labour to power. The final entry concerns the formation of the first Labour Government in 1924.
Beatrice Webb's portraits of many of the decisive personalities of the day are brilliant examples of her shrewdness as a judge of character. It is these pen pictures—of men such as Lloyd George, Bernard Shaw, George Lansbury, Ramsay MacDonald, Oswald Mosley, Edward Grey, Arthur Henderson, and a host of others—which make the Diaries a living and vivid commentary on the history of our own times. 21s. *net*

Good Company

The Story of the Children's Entertainment Film Movement in Great Britain, 1943-50

MARY FIELD

Between 1944 and 1950, Mary Field produced nearly two hundred special entertainment films for children for the J. Arthur Rank Organization. She tells here, with many touches of humour, how she managed to reconcile the wishes of an Advisory Council with the requirements of a weekly audience of four hundred thousand children who had each paid sixpence to be entertained. 12s. 6*d. net*, *illustrated*

Witchcraft

PENNETHORNE HUGHES

The author of this brilliant new study succeeds in showing how witchcraft is a dwindling remembrance of the first group religions of mankind; but he also indicates that it became, in time, those other things—Christian parody, deliberate diabolism or cruel nonsense—which opinion at different periods felt it to be.
This book will be published next Wednesday, Midsummer Day. 21s. *net*, *illustrated*

The Choice of Words

A Book of Synonyms with Explanations

V. H. COLLINS

Those who use Roget's celebrated *Thesaurus* may not always be sure which of the alternatives listed there is the right one for their purpose. This new book, consisting of 400 groups of common synonyms and words that wrongly, or at all events undesirably, are often treated as synonyms, gives actual explanations of the use of the words, and illustrates them with examples. It should therefore prove a valuable guide to everyone interested in correct speaking and writing. 9s. 6*d. net*

LONGMANS

W. G. Grace, and Mr. Oliver Warner on the Pride of Kent, Frank Woolley. Mr. Bax's, it is not too much to say, is a model biography. He places Grace beautifully in his age; born in that year of revolutions, 1848, reaching his heyday while W. S. Gilbert was caricaturing the Aesthetic movement in *Patience* ("we may assume that there was no Japonaiserie in Mrs. Grace's Gloucestershire home"), the contemporary of Tennyson, Browning, Meredith, Hardy, Rossetti, Millais. Yet Grace knew none of them, though he was as great a Victorian as any. Though one of Arnold's Philistines, Grace could bring eloquence out of others. "Had he been born in ancient Greece," the Bishop of Hereford said at a banquet just before Grace's death, "the Iliad would have been a different book. Had he been born in the Middle Ages, he would have been a Crusader and would now have been lying with his legs crossed in some ancient abbey, having founded a great family." Mr. Warner does scarcely less well with Woolley. The facts of his career, his personality, sense of audience, beauty of style, are easily and concisely blended.

Straight Hit deals largely with the dramatic, disappointing West Indies tour of Australia. A book for the enthusiast, it has some frank, revealing inside criticism; it also has a chapter devoted to cricket calypsos, those enchanting, impromptu musical commentaries, originating from Port of Spain, Trinidad, and developed to mandolins by calypso kings like Houdini and Lord Kitchener. Here is a verse from one called Hassett and Ramadhin, celebrating the duel between Australia's captain and the young West Indian spin bowler:

> Ram is a magic bowler,
> He said he climbed rope all up in India.
> Christiani is known as Mandrake,
> And Worrell dressed up like fruit cake.
> Poor Fergie can't get a bowl,
> He's asking how wickets will fall.
> We can't win a match,
> We only dropping the people catch.
> *Chorus.* We want Ramadhin on the *ball*, etc.

Mr. Denis Compton, the one professional player of his period to extend the social boundaries of his profession, contributes another volume to his autobiography, *In Sun and Shadow*. Dealing necessarily with the vicissitudes of his famous knee and his eclipsing failure in the most vital Test series of his career, it is not exactly new in material. The author has a style somewhat less graceful than its subject's personality, and if Mr. Compton, cricketer, still has sensible things to say.

All in the Game contains a fresh selection of Mr. Robertson-Glasgow's Sporting Prints to the *Observer*. Within such restrictive limits (750-800 words), he nevertheless brings to bear some of the qualities necessary for a good poem: economy, point, telling visual imagery, an idiom informal but fined down to the sharpest edge. These prose pieces deal with skittles, fireworks, golf, umpires, prep-school, goalkeepers, as well as cricketers and spectator-critics. Deficient only in satire, for Mr. Robertson-Glasgow is too amiable a man for the destructive strokes of higher criticism, they give off the aroma of a good cigar to, as it were, the accompaniment of a decent bill at the Empire.

Finally, Mr. Arlott, to his listening public the Radio Doctor of commentators. *The Echoing Green* is his seventh successive collection of journalistic articles in seven years. It is too much. I would refer Mr. Arlott to Mr. Cardus's opening sentences. He is too good a writer to have to put all his bits and pieces into books. There is a memorable essay on Atholl Rowan, but the rest is scrappy or has appeared elsewhere with other ends in view. Perhaps the arrival of the Australians next year will put Mr. Arlott on his mettle. Australia's recent absorption of some 500,000 emigrants has led to score-cards with lines like this, quoted in Mr. Harold Dale's *Cricket Crusaders*: Collins c Pappadopolous b Bryzmslavski, 15. Mr. Arlott should have fun.

ALAN ROSS

Henry Green

DOTING

'How admirable a book: witty, stylish, poignant, mordantly funny.'

New Statesman

Cr. 8vo. 11s. 6d.

William Sansom

A TOUCH OF THE SUN

'Adds immensely to his stature as a writer.'

Time and Tide

'A fine descriptive writer . . . often dazzling.'

Sunday Times

Cr. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

THE HOGARTH PRESS

BETTER MEALS

A Concise Encyclopaedia of Gastronomy. By ANDRÉ L. SIMON. *Collins.* 42*s.*

Sherry and Port. White Wines and Cognac. By H. WARNER ALLEN. *Constable.* 15*s.* and 18*s.* respectively.

A Guide to Good Wine. *W. R. Chambers.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Good English Food. By FLORENCE WHITE. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Viennese Cookery Book. By IRMA RHODE. *Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There are more cookery books published in England than anywhere else in the world and yet cooking is of a lower standard here than in any other civilised country. Poorness of cooking is of course not a new thing with us, and through the centuries travellers have complained about the monotony of our fare, but, before the War, our ingredients were of such superlative quality that lack of imagination and talent in their preparation was not as disastrous as it is now. The deterioration in our cooking during the last dozen years must not be attributed solely to our lack of materials for, even with our reduced ration, we eat more meat than do the French, and we could easily use what we obtain more imaginatively and to better advantage. It is, of course, difficult to make tasty sauces without sufficient butter, eggs and cheese. There would, however, be a revolution in the family circle if the housewife suggested that some of the individual butter, each sacrosanct in its private dish, should be used for the cooking, while one ounce of cheese a week, and two eggs at most, do not go far. These are the ingredients necessary for succulent and varied sauces, savouries and entrées. We could, however, make more use of wine of which there are many cheap varieties on the market, while our indigenous cider could take the place of white wine in the preparation of fish and white meats. Wine, moreover, permits the use of the poorer cuts of meat and this makes the weekly ration go farther. More use could also be made of olive oil, not difficult now to obtain, for frying, and this would save the cooking-fat for occasions when the materials cannot be drained of grease, when the meat and stock are added to the pan in which the vegetables have already been fried.

In this list of books pride of place must, of course, go to the *Encyclopædia of Gastronomy*. It contains the nine books previously published by the Wine and Food Society, revised and brought together in one volume. It is a book to dip into as escapist literature by which to forget austerity, to read like the *Arabian Nights*, about an imaginary world which can never be ours. It is a work which, by formulating the perfect recipes, keeps alive the platonic ideal of cooking. Not in our lifetime—perhaps never again—will our islanders be able to use one pound of butter and six eggs in a cake. It is not, however, merely a vehicle for escape, but also a mine of information, definition and description of every kind of food from all quarters of the world, a book to refer to, in moments of difficulty and perplexity, for help and advice. Although there are actually no recipes for the preparation of dog and cat, these are considered as dishes which have been served elsewhere. Labouchere mentions he had eaten both in Paris during the siege in 1870 and he declared that spaniel was like lamb, that bulldog was coarse and tasteless and that poodle was the best of all. There is a very valuable section on wine which should be extremely useful to the inexperienced hostess.

Warner Allen's books—worthy companions to his earlier *Natural Red Wines*—are interesting reading for those who already know something about wine from having drunk it with pleasure, and would like to learn more about its origins and production. The books are a record of delicious wines and vintages tasted and enjoyed—he mentions a Château d'Yquem of 1847 but does not state where and on what occasion he drank it—but they are not of much help to those who would like to know where and when to get them, and how to drink them. There is a certain intellectual and artistic snobbishness in the glasses he advises. There is no reason why the copy of a glass excavated in Salamis in the fourth or fifth century should improve the taste of wine, nor is it at all certain that one modelled on Helen's "divine breasts" would be the perfect shape for wine. It would have been interesting to have learnt something of the various shippers of Port.

A Guide to Good Wine is an attractive book in which each chapter is treated by a different specialist on the wine concerned. It states that, if one is in doubt, one should always choose a white wine. This does not seem sound advice since there are many more foods with which a red wine can be drunk, and it is, moreover, easier for an inexperienced host to serve one in the correct conditions than a white. The book contains pleasant pictures and maps, and a very useful classification of the wines of the Bordeaux district. These three books do not, however, in general utility and information for the amateur, take the place of André Simon's *Vintage Wise* or *Wine Primer*, which are still the most reliable guides available for those in need of help and advice.

Good English Food is not of much practical use in our present conditions since it deals largely with plain and delicious things which cannot be produced with our poor ingredients. It encourages a somewhat lavish use of vinegar which should be very sparingly resorted to, except for marinating purposes. It gives a Yorkshire Ploughman's Salad with a sauce made from a mixture of treacle and vinegar, which, gastronomically, seems very monstrous indeed. The most interesting and original recipes are those for the use of small wild birds like thrushes or sparrows. There is, however, all through the book a regretful absence of onions in the recipes, yet without them no really good cookery can be achieved. With *The Viennese Cookery Book* we are certainly in the realm of the onion and many delicious recipes are suggested, amongst others an onion cake which would be cheap and easy to

OSBERT SITWELL

Wrack at Tidesend

"It contains close on a hundred poems and all are highly readable and enjoyable."—*The Listener*. "A book with all the ingredients of excellence."—*Manchester Guardian*. "The compounded relish of sadness and wit is what gives so memorable a flavour to these pages."—*The Times*. 10s. 6d.

SACHEVERELL SITWELL

Cupid and the Jacaranda

"A work of art. . . . The book ranges far and wide: Italy, Hungary, Mexico, France; Jenghis Khan and the gods of Greece; illuminating geography and history in the light of art." GUY RAMSEY (*Daily Telegraph*). "This is a book of great charm and originality." — *Liverpool Daily Post*. 24s.

G. D. H. COLE

An Introduction to Economic History 1750-1950

This short volume provides an elementary introduction to the economic developments that have refashioned our way of living since the middle of the eighteenth century. 10s. 6d.

Ready June 27

A. R. CONAN

The Sterling Area

This book is a factual study of the sterling area: its aim is to set out concisely, but as far as possible in definite outline, the external payments account of the system as a whole and of each of its members; to note the changes which have occurred during the past few years, and to indicate briefly the significance of those changes. 16s.

Ready July 4

SEAN O'CASEY

Rose and Crown

The latest addition to Sean O'Casey's autobiography is as interesting and vivid as ever. It brings him to England and introduces such well-known figures as Baldwin, Churchill, MacDonald, J. H. Thomas, Carson, H. G. Wells and W. B. Yeats. 21s.

MACMILLAN

Dublin *By Maurice Craig*

"Mr. Craig, an admirably serious as well as witty historian, has done for Dublin what Mr. Summerson did so perfectly for Georgian London. A book of the highest merit."—*Glasgow Herald*.
"Without rival. A fine achievement."—*Times Lit. Sup.*
With over 100 Plates, Text Figures and Maps. 42s. net

Real People

By Sheila Wingfield
(VISCOUNTESS POWERSCOURT)

"*Real People* takes us into Irish villages, to Bermuda, Palestine, Africa, New York. It is a pleasure all the way, an enchanting book, most rewarding, full of humour, warmth and variety."—*New Statesman*.
Illustrated. 18s. net

Letters from England

By Robert Southey

Edited and with an Introduction by PROF. JACK SIMMONS

A new volume in the CRESSET LIBRARY. "Has not been reprinted since 1814 and is one of the cleverest pieces of observation of English social life. It was a happy idea to reprint it."—*Manchester Guardian*.
12s. 6d. net

FICTION

The First Rebellion

By Elizabeth Lake

author of THE LOVERS DISTURBED

"Has an intensity, a suspense, a grip, that is entirely its own. Miss Lake is an excellent writer."—PAMELA HANFORD JOHNSON, *John O'London's Weekly*. 12s. 6d. net

Tightrope *By Victor Ross*

An exciting novel dealing with the problems created by anti-Semitism. "Relentlessly faithful, absolutely convincing, will be read with avidity."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.
12s. 6d. net

★

TO BE PUBLISHED 30 JUNE

Revolution in China

By C. P. FitzGerald

author of
CHINA: A SHORT CULTURAL HISTORY

This brilliant book by a foremost authority on China is one of the highest importance at the present time. It analyses the Revolution in its context of Chinese civilisation, examines China's relations with the West, Russia and the rest of Asia, and considers the significance of the Chinese intervention in Korea. Its cool and detached reasoning is based on first-hand knowledge. 21s. net

CRESSET PRESS

FABER BOOKS

My Naval Life

STEPHEN KING-HALL

'Good fun on almost every page.'—*The Times Literary Supplement*. 'Gay and frank and free from humbug.'—*Yorkshire Post*. 'Excellent and lively reading.'—*Sphere*. The early life-story of the editor-founder of *National News-Letter*. *With photographs.* 21s.

The Sudan Question

MEKKI ABBAS

'Indispensable reading in London as well as in Cairo and Khartoum . . . Outstanding.'—*The Times*. 'A timely, scholarly, scrupulously objective study of a contemporary issue of the highest importance by a distinguished Sudanese. Obligatory reading for all M.P.s and in the Foreign Office.'—*Evening News*. 21s.

Collected Poems of Edwin Muir

The first collected edition of this eminent poet's work, edited by J. C. Hall. 15s.

A History of the Old English Letter Foundries

TALBOT BAINES REED

This classic work, published in its only edition in 1887 has long been practically unobtainable. Mr. A. F. Johnson of the British Museum has been working for 20 years on this enlarged and revised edition, which will be welcomed by book lovers throughout the world.
Very fully illustrated. 42s.

Healthy Babies

J. H. KENYON & R. K. RUSSELL

Doctors and mothers throughout the U.S.A. recommend this practical, up-to-date and readable handbook on the care, feeding and training of young children. It has been thoroughly adapted for English conditions. 15s.

new novels

Call Back Yesterday

ANNE MEREDITH

This shrewdly perceptive novel tells of romance and drama in the early part of this century, when "a good match" still held great social significance. 12s. 6d.

A Play Toward

ELIZABETH COXHEAD

'A delightful novel, amusing, penetrating, sensible and very moving—ought to reach a wide public.'—C. P. Snow: *Sunday Times*. 'A perceptive and sensitive novel hinging around the presentation of one of Shakespeare's plays by the pupils of a grammar school.'—*Yorkshire Evening Press*. 12s. 6d.

The Lonely Aren't Alone

J. B. PICK

'Mr. Pick's first novel, *Out of the Pit*, showed him to be an observant portrayer of the human scene, and his new book has the same qualities of sympathy and understanding. The story is largely concerned with a young hospital orderly employed in the tuberculosis ward of a large institution . . . This is a tale of real people.'—*Belfast News-Letter*. 12s. 6d.

FABER BOOKS

and travel and hardship nobly endured by others. Mr. Dane Chandos had an Uncle Edward who settled in Spain more or less from caprice and lived there through revolution and civil war until the day of his death. He was a choleric, full-blooded old gentleman with a passion for food and drink, and his demise on page 10 is to be lamented, as he is the most vivid thing in the book. He left his Spanish estate to Mr. Chandos, with a personal note:

> I hope you will make good use of this little legacy, dear boy, and not fritter it away on books and similar fal-fals. Remember, it won't last for ever under this incompetent government. I'd like you to do something for the servants. That old ass of a lawyer will give you their names. . . .

Journey in the Sun describes how the dutiful nephew travelled at once from Mexico to Spain to carry these wishes out and to make a leisurely tour at the same time. Having consulted the lawyer, who needless to say turns out to be competence itself, he tracked Uncle Edward's servants down one by one and behaved to them all in the handsomest way. Mr. Chandos is in fact nothing if not a good fellow. I cannot remember when I last saw the hero of a book written in the first person presented in so steadily charming a light. No one, not even General Franco, could possibly take exception to anything he says. And as the blurb justly remarks, he is incapable of writing anything but a wholly delightful book. It is not a book for the lovers of Spain. The harsh splendours of that enthralling land are not to be conveyed by the pastel shades of Mr. Chandos' palette. But it would make an ideal holiday gift for a dear old lady as she shivers in the guest-house by the sea: one who has always wanted to go to Spain, perhaps, and now fears she never may. She will enjoy meeting Jesús, the comic Indian chauffeur, too.

HONOR TRACY

DETECTION AND SO ON

Murder by the Book. By REX STOUT. *Collins.* 9s. 6d.

Skeletons and Cupboards. By RALPH ARNOLD. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

London Particular By CHRISTIANNA BRAND. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

The Sole Survivor and **The Kynsard Affair.** By ROY VICKERS. *Gollancz.* 9s. 6d.

Nipped in the Bud. By STUART PALMER. *Collins.* 9s. 6d.

Lady Killer. By GEORGE HARMON COXE. *Hammond.* 9s. 6d.

The Queen's Awards: Series 5. By ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

The Calendar of Crime. By ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

A Private View. By MICHAEL INNES. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

Night Watch. By THOMAS WALSH. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

The Bat That Flits. By NORMAN COLLINS. *Collins.* 10s. 6d.

The Mountains Have a Secret. By ARTHUR UPFIELD. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

Detective stories and thrillers germinate so freely under modern climatic conditions that they crowd each other almost to death. After a vigorous weeding out of the illiterate, the childish, the nonsensical and the purely boring, the dozen survivors on this list represent the cream of the spring crop. Mr. Rex Stout is a veteran exponent of comic detection; and he is not above using Archie Goodwin's never failing wisecracks to pad out his material or paper over any awkward inconsistency, as readers have learnt to their cost. *Murder by the Book*, however, stands in no need of such trickery; the jokes are good, but the plot is even better. Why should an unpublished novel bring death in its wake to everyone who peruses it? One can think of a neat answer; but the author caps that with a neater one still, without straining our credulity. Behind his frivolous attitude Mr. Stout has on this occasion constructed a logical problem of such happy complexity that it deserves to rank as a classic.

Skeletons and Cupboards treats murder with suave detachment, as a tiresome interruption to the delicious processes of social intercourse in the English countryside. Mr. Arnold's ability to invent sophisticated, genial characters was shown last year in his first novel, *Fish and Company*; but he will never succeed in reaching his full stature in detection until he learns to unhitch some of their charm. Which skeleton is to be found in whose cupboard, we are meant to inquire. But when the solitary cad meets with his deserts, how can any of the others be blamed, seeing that all are so delightful? Mr. Arnold eels out of this difficulty as best as he can, but is forced inevitably to a somewhat tame conclusion.

In *London Particular* an artful murder has been contrived under cover of a pea-souper. Very accurate timing is required in this sort of affair; and the reader will do well to keep an eye on the clock, as the suspects drift round and round in the fog. Even so, Miss Brand, although perfectly scrupulous in her narrative, manages to be singularly misleading.

Of the two items packed into one volume by Mr. Roy Vickers, the story of *The Sole Survivor* suspected of murdering his shipwrecked comrades just shows that you cannot be too careful with your acquaintance even on a desert island. *The Kinsard Affair* should be taken more seriously. The problem is one of identification: a battered corpse might be either one of two women, as a husband and a lover both claim to recognise her in intimate detail. Why this divergence of opinion? The riddle is quite amenable to rational deduction and merits the mental effort.

No one in his senses, on the other hand, should try to fathom the inconceivable motive in *Nipped in the Bud* for a television comedian being bashed to death. Fortunately, this enormity is only revealed at the very end, when it comes too late to rob us of some rollicking fun with Hildegarde Withers and her poodle down Mexico way. With his dubious ace up his sleeve, Mr. Palmer can afford to be generous with clues; and by keeping a sharp lookout the wary reader may even anticipate the outrageous solution.

Lady Killer is typical of the fast American routine, where action speaks louder than words and guns speak louder still, while the detectives lie about unconscious whenever possible. To adapt themselves to their hostile environment some detectives have actually taken up extra-sensory perception. Thus Kent Murdoch has developed a sensation of "cool pressure on his spine" to warn him of impending danger. Even so he gets slugged once on his arduous way to prove that the killer of the lady killer was just a gentleman killer.

In U.S.A. *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* offers annual prizes open to all-comers for detective short stories: thirteen of the recent winners are united in *The Queen's Awards: Series Five*. This is magazine stuff on a fairly high level, very suitable for the semi-somnolence of the beach. Mr. Dickson Carr was awarded first prize for reviving Edgar Allan Poe; but I prefer Miss Allingham's contribution, a stylish performance by Albert Campion in the role of Sherlock Holmes. As alternative holiday reading twelve of Ellery Queen's own short stories in *The Calendar of Crime* will appeal to those who can digest crisp little problems floating in a sea of persiflage and flummery.

In the thriller division the credentials of *A Private View* are impeccable: Michael Innes never shirks his obligations. When an abstract painting is stolen from an art gallery under the nose of our old friend, Sir John Appleby, it turns out that no fewer than *three* gangs are involved. Amid such a quantity of villains one is hard put to pick out a law-abiding citizen. But what is Sir John doing in this *galère?* Of course, we are always glad to have news of his cosy home life, but he really ought not to be kidnapped and taken for a ride. To suppose that any pulse will lose a beat while Sir John is within an ace of death is a mockery of suspense and an insult to reason. Supermen cannot fail to be invulnerable.

For genuine suspense turn to Mr. Thomas Walsh who knows well how to screw the last drop of agony out of an intolerable situation. In *Night Watch* the New York police play a desperate game of blind-man's-buff with a murderer in the small hours of the morning round a block of apartment flats. Remember *Nightmare in Manhattan;* and that you cannot trust Mr. Walsh to assuage you with a happy ending!

The Bat That Flits centres round a cluster of scientists on Bodmin Moor up to bacteriological games, with a traitor in their midst. The characters are very entertaining; and Mr. Collins's urbane, ironical style contrasts pleasantly with the crude melodrama he is describing.

Lastly, and with some diffidence, I include *The Mountains Have a Secret*, a hare-brained adventure story of the Australian bush. The description of the landscape, however, is authentic enough and may rouse nostalgic boyhood memories of *Robbery Under Arms.*

RALPH PARTRIDGE

HOME AND AWAY

How to Travel Incognito. By LUDWIG BEMELMANS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

Barmy in Wonderland. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. *Herbert Jenkins.* 9s. 6d.

The Bedside Manner. By ROBERT BENCHLEY. *Dobson.* 10s. 6d.

We are used to the foreign writer who, settling in the country of his adoption, takes the contrast between the old and the new as his subject; and in the case of America there has been no shortage of European humorists to expose the local follies or caprices. But now Mr. Bemelmans is carrying the process a stage farther. Himself a European long resident in America, he returns to Europe and observes it, not, like Mark Twain or James Thurber, as a total stranger, but equally, not as a native son. In the company of the Count of St. Cucuface, a genuine but quite penniless nobleman, he is initiated into the mysteries of Paris high-life, the round of caviare and champagne and cocktail parties all accomplished on a total absence of shame and a firm if unspoken understanding with all those whose job it is to actually *present* bills. One gets nothing for nothing: only it is never the Count who pays. His friend the author is transformed into the Prince of Bavaria, in which capacity he is wined and dined and gets his umbrella repaired.

There are monumental scenes with head waiters and managers. St. Cucuface knows how everything is arranged, even down to receiving from restaurants parcels of meat for his "little dog"; and Mr. Bemelmans, an annalist without comments, dishes up the history for the benefit of those readers who want to be cheered. The result is an excellent book for a short train journey or the side of a comfortable bed. It is not, I think, as good as some of the others simply because he is not writing directly from his own point of view; it lacks the bite of *Life Class*, and one is conscious throughout that the author's position is a little equivocal (when things go awkwardly for "The Prince of Bavaria," there is always the truth to save him—he is, after all, "An American"). Still, for those who enjoy his cunningly placid anecdotes and the sketches which go so accurately with them, this will be a minor flaw.

The latest Wodehouse is much less satisfactory. It would be tempting to push the parallel a little farther and show how this most English of jokers has found himself out of his depth in the scurry and bustle of the New World, but I think that would be redressing the balance far too ungenerously. *Barmy in Wonderland*, or the adventures of Cyril Fotheringay-Phipps on Broadway, has all the usual Wodehouse apparatus: the involved and ingenious plot, the innocent hero, his wicked friend, the apoplectic crooks, the gorgeous and cool young ladies. It is simply the writing which seems tired. The periphrastic jokes, the literary quotations, have a forced air, which is hardly surprising when one considers that this is the writer's forty-seventh full-length book. The

DUVEEN

S. N. BEHRMAN

A fascinating study of the greatest art dealer in history.
Evening Standard Book of the Month
Book Society Recommend
Illustrated by STEINBERG *12s. 6d. net*

I Led 3 Lives

HERBERT A. PHILBRICK

The astounding story of a man who spent 9 years as citizen, 'communist' and counter-spy, and exposed the most important communist ring in America.
Illustrated *15s. net*

L. B. NAMIER'S

Avenues of History

'The most penetrating and original and at the same time exact of all modern historians.'—HUGH TREVOR-ROPER (*Sunday Times*)
2nd impression *15s. net*

BEMELMANS'

How to Travel Incognito

The Author of *Hotel Splendide* writes the funniest travel-book of the year.
Illustrated by BEMELMANS *12s. 6d. net*

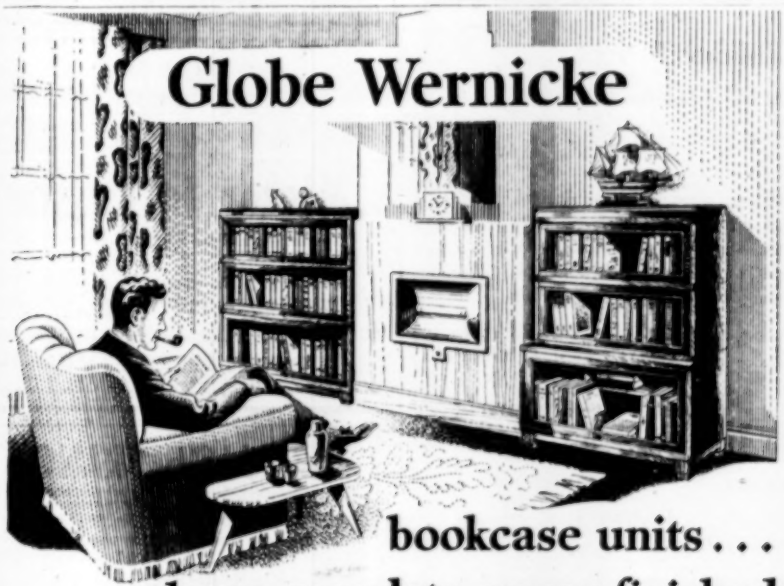
HAMISH HAMILTON

DOBSON

THE DILEMMA OF SOUTH AFRICA

What, after all, do you know about *apartheid* or the policy of the Torch Commando? Do you talk glibly about racialism and fascism while you hide ignorance behind the bushel of the *New Statesman?* We ask these pertinent questions because next week we are publishing **THE DILEMMA OF SOUTH AFRICA** (18s.) which really will give you the information you need about the Union. **John Hatch** made two lengthy visits to Southern Africa during which he interviewed the leaders of parties and groups, and in his book sets down their programmes and their points of view. Since he is not emotionally involved in South African affairs he has succeeded in writing one of the few objective books on the subject, and therefore one which ought to be sought and bought.

Globe Wernicke



bookcase units . . . always complete, never finished

You can start to house your books —suitably, glass-protected—for as little as £7.8.8. The "CLASSIC" built-up units illustrated cost £16.10.8 and £18.17.4 respectively. Wide choice of styles.

CUT THIS OUT AND POST NOW!
GLOBE WERNICKE LTD., 82 VICTORIA ST., LONDON, S.W.1
Please send latest details of Globe Wernicke Bookcase Units

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

N.S. 21.6.52

Dearest Isa

★

Robert Browning Letters to Isabel Blagden

EDITED & INTRODUCED BY
EDWARD C. McALEER

"REMEMBER," wrote Browning to Isabella Blagden, "I read your letters twice, then burn them: mine, I trust, earnestly conjure you will never show: but you will not." These previously unpublished letters sparkle with the names of Browning's great contemporaries—Matthew Arnold, Bulwer Lytton, George Eliot, Anthony Trollope . . . 402 pp. Illustrated with end-paper maps. *25s*

Scottish Verse 1851-1951

Selected by
DOUGLAS YOUNG

AN ANTHOLOGY made by a poet and a scholar. Scottish life and the Scottish scene find expression here in verse, in poems of war and of peace, Highland and Lowland and island. 159 in English, 148 in Scots, 11 in Gaelic (with translations) and 2 in Shetland Norn. With foreword, glossary and notes. *15s*

now added to the

NELSON CLASSICS

Geoffrey Keynes, the poet's literary trustee, edits and introduces this selection

Poems of Rupert Brooke

Lockhart's brilliant and ironical portrait of late Regency Edinburgh

Peter's Letters to His Kinsfolk *each 4s*

NELSON

Wodehouse field has been pretty thoroughly tilled, and even his most faithful admirers may be thinking that it would be an idea for the master to break some new ground.

This may well appear heretical. If so, I had better go the whole hog, and confess that although Robert Benchley's appearances in films were usually an unqualified delight, and his *obiter dicta* up to the high standard set by his contemporaries, his books have never for me been much better than facetious school magazine essays, enlivened by an occasional flash of genuine humour. The latest posthumous collection has some old favourites, such as "The Moth Invasion" and "Haircut Please!" but the general level remains the same. Mr. Benchley is in the great line of self-denigrating humorists, and his influence on the *Punch* type of essay may well have been considerable. Even so, it is not easy to make that into a virtue. Compared with a real self-denigrator like Mr. Thurber, he is an amateur: such humour, founded on the common stock of daily embarrassments, must strike deep to gain any lasting effect. Perhaps a short emigration might have improved his work, given it the sharpness and carry-through which it needs: as, conversely, a return to his native haunts might restore the freshness to Mr. Wodehouse.

FRANK HAUSER

POLYOLBION IN THE DUMPS

Companion into North Riding. By J. H. INGRAM. *Methuen.* 14*s.*

The Islands of England. By J. H. INGRAM. *Batsford.* 15*s.*

The Living Landscape of Britain. By WALTER SHEPHERD. *Faber.* 36*s.*

In a country of our kind every square mile is an incitement to compilation, or to the bastard which is begotten between the guide-book and the book of impressions. The inbreeding of bad stocks has gone so far that books about places are the feeblest form of literature, supplying a vasty appetite (or so it appears) for those who have once read *Lorna Doone* or would like to spend five minutes with Stonehenge.

Many years ago the dilution began, or went a stage forward, with the celebrated series of *Highways and Byways*. These were meant for the middle classes on holiday or at home in their counties, for those with a curiosity which was cultivated, more or less, yet more slack and more vague than the curiosity of their parents or grandparents in the eighteen-sixties. The dilution has been still more diluted to a cheap formula. A dozen or more photographs from the agencies in place of pen or pencil drawings, end-papers turned into maps, a text as an afterthought, and there you are. "Here, if anywhere, one can expect old ways of life and modes of thought little changed by passing years." Here in the North Riding, on your fortnight's holiday, you can relapse and be a momentary lover of the countryside, swishing from church to church, waterfall to waterfall, dale to dale.

Unkind a little to Mr. Ingram, since he makes, within his kind of book, a fair mixture of waterfalls, gorges, hands of glory and the Lykewake Dirge. He boils down, all the same, a mass of substance ready-made, and presents it with the vocabulary of the blind sightseer—*interesting, delightful, fine, another, exhausts the list*, and *old-world atmosphere*. Going up Teesdale, all of a sudden he quotes Sir Walter Scott, and then asks whether anybody reads "such sort of stuff nowadays," though he has "to confess to a liking for it." Scott may have been a romantic diluter in another way, but the particular lines suddenly hit the eye, after 200 of Mr. Ingram's pages, with just the solidity, actuality and response to fact which are impossible to the place-book manufacturer:

> That mighty trench of living stone . . .
> Where Tees full many a fathom low,
> Wears with his rage no common foe;
> For pebbly bank, nor sand-bed here,
> Nor clay mound checks his fierce career:
> Condemn'd to mine a channel'd way
> O'er solid sheets of marble grey.

Like a landscape painter, an able writer makes a new version of a countryside which accords with himself. If there are two versions by two good writers, the reader can realise that each is valid and corresponds, differently, to what is there.

Take away the props, the mass of previous writing, and then see what happens to Mr. Ingram, who has also made the book on the islands around the coast. If you write of islands, the difficulties increase. Information needs more digging, there is less of it and the senses need to be more acute. Mr. Ingram's is the least imaginative, least stimulating book about islands which I have read, perhaps because it is the least analytic or aware of the feelings and ideas which islands suggest. The search for accuracy, as well, has not been pushed very far, for instance in Mr. Ingram's account of Steep Holme in the Bristol Channel. This island has been celebrated for a hundred and seventy years because a peony grows there on a limestone cliff and nowhere else in Great Britain. By going to an authority fifty years out of date, Mr. Ingram gets the kind of peony wrong in his chapter and his illustration. A little thing to complain of, but a typical one, rather like going to Stukeley or to an early Victorian antiquary for an explanation of Stonehenge.

Could place-books be given a new energy and decency? There are plenty of specialised investigations to draw upon, from the human ones of archæology, local history, in the sense in which it is pursued by such a writer as Mr. W. G. Hoskins, and historical geography (as in that book of studies edited by H. C. Darby, *An Historical Geography of England before AD.1800*, which no topographical writer ever seems to have opened) down to the basic geology of the landscape. So it would be pleasant to say that *The Living Landscape of Britain* was the book you might expect it to be from its price and its publisher. No, it is another tainted, rather tiresome compilation, a skim-milking of text-books, addressed in

The Fortnight Holiday Series
of Illustrated Guidebooks

Cr. 8vo. 21 Titles Each 3s. 6d. *net*

It is now more than ever important that when you have decided where to go for your holiday that you should think carefully of how best to enjoy your visit. These guidebooks have been especially designed to help you with this decision and you will find them useful and interesting before, during and after your vacation.

Guides for the Continent . . . . .

Paris **Switzerland** **Rome** **Austria**
Italian Lakes **Grand Tour** **Belgium**
Western Mediterranean **Brittany**
French Riviera **Italian Riviera**

Guides for the British Isles . . . . .

Devon *Channel Islands* *Cornwall*
Kent *North Wales* *Wye Valley* *East Coast*
Yorkshire Coast *Firth of Clyde*
Not Sixty Miles from London

PERCIVAL MARSHALL & CO., LTD.
23, Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2

YOU MUST READ
LADY KELLY's
'continuously delightful'
(DAILY GRAPHIC)
Mirror to Russia
'Not only a full, but a beautifully written book.' Sunday Times
'Particularly illuminating . . . it provides a wealth of well-observed detail.' Manchester Guardian
Over 60 photographs. 21*s.* net.
COUNTRY LIFE

LIVRES DE FRANCE
keeps its Members all over the world informed of all that is new in French literature, and supplies them with the latest and best novels at the French publisher's price.
Its special recommendation went to :—
APRIL
ANDRE MAUROIS
LA VIE DE GEORGE SAND
MAY
BEATRIX BECK
LEON MORIN PRETRE
Full details and specimen of the society's magazine on request.
127, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

bonhomie to "ramblers" who could never afford the price, and speckled with errors. No "Land of Lyonesse" joined Cornwall to the Isles of Scilly in Saxon times (p. 142), dewponds are not "a neolithic system of supply" (p. 176), cutting hill-figures is not a practice "which has persisted from the New Stone Age" (p. 177), Lulworth Cove is unlikely to have been formed by the sea breaking through the rock (p. 56), and so on.

In our years, so far, the chief attempt to liven up topographical writing has been a nostalgic attention to architecture, blown up during the war to a joke of taste and fashion all too easy and too attractive for those who wish to be in the fashion and in the know—a dangerous joke. There are also the glib archæologists and museum men with a prompting to popular writing and a yearning for *blut und boden*. A new formula could easily be devised. Here is a landscape; it contains buildings, fields, roads, paths, trees, plants, animals, rivers, springs, canals, mines, quarries. How has it come into its present being, how has it changed, what are the more fascinating things on its surface, and how are they related to the activities and ideas of men in this island through the centuries? A publisher with sense could find the authors and do well, on that more adult formula, out of a new Highways and Byways.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

BRIC-À-BRAC

Victorian Furniture. By F. GORDON ROE. *Phœnix House.* 21s.

Decoration and Furniture, Vol. I. By BRUCE ALLSOPP. *Pitman.* 75s.

A Short Dictionary of Furniture. By JOHN GLOAG. *Allen & Unwin.* 42s.

Victorian furniture has come in for a good deal of generalised and not always deserved derision. In his discursive and sometimes ironical book, Mr. Gordon Roe is never a whole-hearted detractor: nostalgia sweetens his judgment: the pictures he wisely leaves to speak for themselves. Rightly, too, he refuses to accept a Victorian "Period," as if the England of Dickens, Lewis Carroll and Mr. Bultitude suffered no sea change. Early, Mid, and Late Victorian furniture each reflected a current in the flow of national life and consciousness; each produced many things hitherto regarded as characteristically Victorian, but often in fact derived from their pre-Victorian past. The Englishman's home has always been "a mosaic of tendencies and memories."

Manifestly, the Exhibition of 1851 was a nodal point in this relation. All that followed was in response to or revulsion from that astonishing litter of fabricated ingenuity. Two central chapters deal with this and their verdict is beyond dispute; for English decorative art has never recovered from the splay-fisted blow of mechanised commercialism, which, in severing taste from fine workmanship, destroyed a traditional unity in the craftsman's shop. There ensued a long period of Philistinism punctuated with such meaningless vagaries as stocked our houses with bamboo or with the deplorable linear convolutions of the so-called "Art Nouveau." To those of us who remember these, and had perforce to live with them, Mr. Roe's book proves a delightful companion, the more so since he writes without pedantry and without acrimony.

With Mr. Bruce Allsopp we migrate to the Lecture Room. Primarily an architect, his spacious and finely produced book is devised in a series of compartments, which cover the development of design in English decoration and furniture from Saxon times to the present day. If these lectures are somewhat impersonal, as reiterative learning is prone to be, they have the advantage of lucidity and carefully considered arrangement. Each chapter is followed by a precisely dated summary of English Sovereigns, Personalities and Significant Events, which might well be eliminated, as sometimes arbitrary and often irritating to an educated reader. So, too, the concluding Chart might have been omitted.

The arresting feature of the book is the generous selection of pictures, admirably chosen and produced, gathering in value as the book progresses, and culminating at Strawberry Hill and the Brighton Pavilion and in a superb sideboard designed by Sir Ambrose Heal, though this is marred by the addition of two incongruous candlesticks. These and many other photographs make the book a dignified possession. We shall look forward to the second volume and to the author's guidance in the modern practice of the art of decoration and furnishing.

Mr. Gloag has produced a short and easily handled Dictionary of Furniture which will be of particular service to those for whom Edward's and Macquoid's superlative volumes are no longer accessible. This dictionary contains 1,764 names and terms concerned with furniture and its accessories, made and used in England since 1100 and in North America since the middle of the seventeenth century. It is amply illustrated, and there are some excellent drawings by Mr. Robin Escott. Supplementary to the actual entries there are two narrative sections dealing with the description and design of furniture, a list of British and American craftsmen and designers, a short bibliography, and a brief classification of Periods, types and materials from 1100 to 1950.

R. ST. C. TALBOYS

SOME HOLIDAY BOOKS

The "know-how" type of guide-book assumes a new importance in the days of the reduced travel allowance; and Percival Marshall's Fortnight series is well adapted to help the £25 spin out. Written frankly for the unsophisticated who need to have *Billets* and *Correspondance* explained, they cover a *Fortnight in Paris, Brittany, French Riviera,* the *Italian Lakes,* the *Italian Riviera, Rome,* the *Western Mediterranean; Austria, Switzerland* and *Belgium* (3s. 6d. each).

More exhaustive guides include H. A. Piehler's revised *Ireland for Everyman* (Dent, 7s. 6d.), with good maps; Ward Lock's *Switzerland* and *Riviera* (15s. each); Edward Hutton has completely rewritten his standard work on *Florence* (Hollis and Carter, 21s.). Two handsome picture-books, more suitable for whetting the appetite than for packing in the suitcase, are Viktor Fuerst and Louis d'Arcy's authoritative *Versailles,* with text in French and English (Phœnix House, 45s.), and *Eternal France* (Thames and Hudson, 42s.), with photographs by Martin Hürlimann and a short foreword by Paul Valéry.

For travellers in this country there is that gay and instructive "guide to where the other books don't take you," *London Night and Day* (Architectural Press, 5s., revised), and Nikolaus Pevsner's *London* (6s.) in the Penguin Buildings of England series, to which his *North Devon* (3s. 6d.) has also been added. Raymond Postgate's *Good Food Guide, 1952-3* (Cassell, 5s.) to "over 700 places in Britain "where you can rely on a good meal at a reasonable price" will be valuable both to natives and foreigners.

Here are some reprints of novels for holiday reading. *An American Visitor, Mister Johnson, Castle Corner* and *The Moonlight* have been added to the Carfax Edition of Joyce Cary (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d. each), and William Sansom's *Fireman Flower* and Isherwood's *Good-bye to Berlin,* have appeared in the New Phœnix Library (Chatto & Windus, 6s.). Other well-known novels again available include Compton Mackenzie's *Guy and Pauline* (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.), and Wyndham Lewis's *The Revenge for Love* (Methuen, 15s.). Chatto & Windus have added *As I Lay Dying* to the collected William Faulkner (8s. 6d.), and Emma Smith's *The Far Cry* is now a Penguin (2s.). The omnibus *Tale of Genji,* which contains all Lady Murasaki's six novels, in Arthur Waley's translation, has been reissued (Allen & Unwin, 35s.), and so has Graham Greene's selection of *The Best of Saki* (Bodley Head, 6s.).

Recent Penguins include Freya Stark's *Valleys of the Assassins* (2s. 6d.), a new selection of *Border Ballads* made by William Beattie (2s. 6d.), and a new anthology compiled by J. M. Cohen of *Comic and Curious Verse* (3s. 6d.).

DENT

Escape to Captivity

Peter Hartley

The true story of the P.O.W.s in Japanese hands, through escape to recapture, the nightmare of jungle camps, hell-ships, and slave-labour, to final release with the camp band grotesquely playing *God Save the King.* 12s. 6d. net

2nd large impression ready

Madeleine Grown Up

sequel to *The Little Madeleine*

Mrs. Robert Henrey

"Chic, gay, and charming."
JOYCE EMERSON, *Sunday Times.*

"On we go, from the single room in Soho to the Savoy . . a vivid, indeed a memorable, effect."
C. F. VULLIAMY, *Spectator.*

15s. net

Farmwife

Marion Roberts

"Mrs. Roberts carries her readers on a wave of enthusiasm and affection through the whole farming year, sowing, ploughing, haymaking, harvesting, the excitement of summer visitors, the domestic anxieties and delights."
ANNA RUSSELL, *John O'London's.*

Illustrated. 16s. net

La Fontaine's Fables

Sir Edward Marsh

New in
EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY (No. 991)

The famous Fables in Sir Edward Marsh's translation into English verse.

3s. net

Send for 36-page Descriptive List of Everyman's Library (a miniature guide to literature) post free from the publishers.

New edition in
Everyman's Reference Library

Smaller Classical Dictionary

Revised from SIR WILLIAM SMITH

Completely up to date, embodying the findings of modern scholarship and archaeology; a miniature of the ancient world, its personalities, arts, life, and letters. With 32 pp. photographs.

12s. 6d. net

Descriptive leaflet of the volumes in Everyman's Reference Library post free from the publishers.

Ireland for Everyman

H. A. Piehler

NEW EDITION, revised up to date, of this well-known Everyman Guide, with 20 pages of Bartholomew's colour contour maps, 12 miles to the inch.

7s. 6d. net

OBTAINABLE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

Publishers: J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., 10-13 Bedford Street, London W.C.2

MACDONALD

GENERAL

Llewelyn Powys

LLEWELYN POWYS: A SELECTION FROM HIS WRITINGS. Edited by Kenneth Hopkins. "There is a thread of delight running through these essays. Mr. Hopkins deserves gratitude for collecting this anthology from the work of a fine writer."—EDWIN MUIR (*Observer*). Illustrated. 16s.

Serjeant A. M. Sullivan, Q.C.

THE LAST SERJEANT. "It is the brightest (and it is certainly the best written) Lawyer's log since those of E. S. P. Haynes."—*New Statesman*. "Gaily truculent."—*Punch*. Frontispiece. 2nd impression. 21s.

Reginald Thompson

CRY KOREA. The 4th impression of this "hard-hitting and controversial" book is available; a 5th impression is now printing. Illustrated. 16s.

Raymond Francis

LOOKING FOR GEORGIAN ENGLAND. Admirable illustrations."—*Punch*. "Contains much little-known information . . . represents excellent value for 15s."—*Times Literary Supplement*. "Vivid readable descriptions."—*Country Life*. One hundred photographs. 15s.

Charles Lamb

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA. An authentic text of *Elia* and *The Last Essays of Elia*, edited and with an introduction by Malcolm Elwin. This *Macdonald Illustrated Classic* is "a charming edition."—HAROLD NICOLSON (*Spectator*). 9s. 6d.

FICTION

James Hanley

THE CLOSED HARBOUR. An outstanding new novel by one who is acknowledged to rank among the few great storytellers of the sea. "Has a universal significance."—*The Times*. 12s. 6d.

John Cowper Powys

THE INMATES. An astonishing novel about an imaginary mental home whose patients suffer from delusions all too common in the outside world. June 25. 12s. 6d.

Compton Mackenzie

GUY AND PAULINE. A new edition of this famous love story, uniform with *Sinister Street*, *Carnival* and *The Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett*. 10s. 6d.

Mary Turner

THE STORY OF DAVID BLYTHE. "Of more than ordinary interest. . . creates her characters so vividly."—ALISTAIR MACRAE (*Glasgow Evening Citizen*). 10s. 6d.

MACDONALD

The OXFORD ATLAS

will shortly be available again.

Go to your Bookseller

and order

the new Revised Reprint

of this great Reference Book—

the price is 42s. net

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Volumes in the International Library of Sociology

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WILHELM DILTHEY

H. A. HODGES

Professor of Philosophy, Reading University

The author gives a balanced picture of what Dilthey achieved and attempted. Dilthey might be described as a German R. G. Collingwood, and the author suggests the likenesses and differences between the two men. 28*s. net.*

SUICIDE

A STUDY IN SOCIOLOGY

EMILE DURKHEIM

Translated from the French by John A. Spalding and George Simpson

How can the difference in the rate of suicide be explained? This is the first translation of a fundamental work by one who can be called the founder of sociology. 25*s. net.*

THE ENGLISH PRISON AND BORSTAL SYSTEMS

LIONEL FOX

Chairman of the Prison Commission for England and Wales

This work, published with the approval of the Home Office, gives for the first time a complete account of the prison and Borstal systems of England and Wales, as they have been reorganised since the Criminal Justice Act of 1948. Every aspect of training and treatment of prisoners is described. 30*s. net.*

Routledge and Kegan Paul

On Growth and Form

D'ARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON

'Tells a fascinating tale of the types of shape which living things, both plant and creature, assume; and tells it with a wealth and ease of learning which contribute to making the book the favourite it is with a host of biologists, and has been for a generation past.' The late SIR CHARLES SHERRINGTON in the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW. The second edition is here reprinted, bound for the reader's convenience in two volumes, these are not sold separately. The set £4 *net*

The Cost of Industrial Movement

W. F. LUTTRELL

A first report on the economic aspects of the relocation of industry. Issued by the National Institute of Economic and Social Research. 18*s. net*

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Books in General

THE imagination has its own geography which alters with the centuries. Each continent in turn looms up on the horizon like a great rock carved with unintelligible hieroglyphics and symbols catching at the unconscious: in Shakespeare's youth it was India, Arabia, the East, and a little later, in the days of Raleigh, Central America and Eldorado: in the eighteenth century, Australia and the South Seas: the nineteenth century, Africa—in particular, West Africa and the Niger. Men have always tried to rationalise their irrational acts, but the explanations given in prospectuses like those of the South Sea Bubble and the African Association are as unconvincing as last night's supper as the cause of our fantastic dreams.

Little in history is more fantastic than the beginning of West African exploration. There had been occasional travellers, but the exploration of this unknown territory six times the size of Europe, the biggest white space on the contemporary map, began at a meeting of the very select Saturday Club at the St. Alban's Tavern on June 9, 1788. We know the company who were present, Lord Galloway, Lord Rawdon, General Conway, Sir Adam Fergusson, Sir Joseph Banks, Sir William Fordyce, Mr. Pultney, Mr. Beaufoy and Mr. Stuart, and even the names of those who were absent—the Bishop of Llandaff, Lord Carysfort and Sir John Sinclair. The nine members (at what stage of dinner is not recorded) decided to form themselves into an Association for Promoting the Discovery of the Interior Parts of Africa and each agreed to subscribe five guineas a year for five years. Before the Association had been in existence for eight weeks, two explorers had been chosen and their routes assigned, but the subscription had already proved inadequate.

The first main object was to discover the course of the Niger; and the motive? "In 1783," Mr. Plumb writes in his admirable introduction to Mr. Howard's anthology*,

> America had left the Empire. For some years merchants and financiers had confidently predicted her economic collapse, but no collapse came. And as yet no one realised that the political separation of Britain and America did not entail disastrous economic consequences, so that in mercantile circles the discovery of new markets seemed an urgent problem.

But the dream was more compelling than the motive can explain. Think of the German who

> intended to travel as a Moslem trader. With great, perhaps excessive, thoroughness he trained on a diet of spiders, grasshoppers, and roots, and before sailing, in order to leave nothing to chance, had himself circumcised. These tribulations were suffered without reward, for the moment he set foot in Africa he caught fever and died.

Think too of the slender chances of survival. The phrase "the White Man's Grave" has become a music hall cliché to those who have never seen the little crumbling cemeteries of the West Coast like that on Bunce Island in Sierra Leone river. Mungo Park in the course of his second expedition reported: "I am sorry to say that of forty-five Europeans who left the Gambia in perfect health, five only are at present alive, viz. three soldiers (one deranged in his mind) Lieutenant Martyn and myself." Forty years later the chances were hardly better. "On the 18th" (Macgregor Laird reported)

> Mr. Andrew Clark, a fine young gentleman about eighteen years of age died . . . Poor fellow! He expired with the utmost calmness, drinking a cup of coffee; and his amiable and obliging disposition having endeared him to the crew, his death threw an additional gloom of despondency over these ill-fated men. In the afternoon James Dunbar, one of the firemen, died. On the 19th, my chief mate, Mr. Goldie, and my sailmaker, John Brien, followed; and on the morning of the 20th, our supercargo, Mr. Jordan, expired. I thought at the time that Dr. Briggs had died also; as, while he was endeavouring to revive Mr. Jordan, he swooned and remained insensible for a long time. In the evening of the 20th, Mr. Swinton also died. . . .

No other part of Africa has cast so deep a spell on Englishmen as the damp mists, the mangrove swamps, the malaria, the black water and yellow fever of the Coast (the only coast in the world dignified by a capital letter and needing no qualification). Is it that the explorer has the same creative sickness as the writer or the artist and that to fill in the map, as to fill in the character or features of a human being, requires the urge to surrender and self-destruction—you cannot even surrender yourself so completely to a book or a picture as you can to the chances of death. Mary Kingsley was well aware of this suicidal streak that drove her to the Coast. In a letter to a friend she wrote quite frankly, "Dead tired and feeling no one had need of me any more, when my father and mother died within six weeks of each other in '92, and my brother went off to the East. I went down to West Africa to die"; and in the sedate poetic prose of Mungo Park—the greatest of all writers on Africa—one can detect the same desire to lose himself for ever. The almost incredible privations and dangers of his first journey among the "fanatic Moors" left him with life still on his hands and he had to return to Africa, giving up his quiet practice as a Doctor in Peebles, to lose it—in what place no one knows exactly where. (A Chief near Busa is said to wear his ring to this day.) "When the human mind," he had written, "has for some time been fluctuating between hope and despair, tortured with anxiety, and hurried from one extreme to another, it affords a sort of gloomy relief to know the worst that can possibly happen. . . ." Again and again in Park's narrative the prose quickens with that gloomy relief as his fingers touched the rock bottom of experience.

It is right that Mungo Park should be the best represented of all the explorers in Mr. Howard's excellent anthology. He was a born writer—the others, with the exception of Burton, became good writers only because of the interest and oddity of their material. Burton here is very much the Burton of the Arabian Nights—his range of intricate experience; his eye for the bizarre concrete detail, like the golden crucifix dangling from the neck of a Dahomey official, "but the crucifix is strangely altered, the crucified being a chameleon, the venerable emblem of the rainbow God"; his wicked common sense about the Amazons of Dahomey—"wherever a she-soldiery is, celibacy must be one of its rules, or the troops will be in a state of chronic functional disorder between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five"; his malevolent tolerance—"Human sacrifice in Dahomey is founded upon a purely religious basis, which not only strengthens but perpetuates the custom. It is a touching instance of the King's filial piety." What a strange encounter it would have been in those days for a chance voyager to South Africa to call in passing on Her Majesty's Consul in Fernando Po.

There has been one deplorable change as the years passed—the growth of British superiority. To Mungo Park an African king deserved the same respect as his own. "The king graciously replied," "The good old king," such phrases are scattered through his work, and because he respected African sovereignty he respected the African, king or slave. There is a sense all the time of Christian equality. The Moors are cruel—they are not savages.

It is with the not very likeable—and I feel not very reliable—Major Dixon Denham in the 1820s that the White sneer can be observed for the first time. "Nothing," he wrote, "could be more absurd and grotesque than some, nay all, of the figures who formed this court," though one believes that the sight of Major Denham naked and begging for a pair of trousers makes a higher claim to absurdity if we really believe in the episode. (I write *if*, for Major Denham's story frequently seems to echo hollowly not only the mood but the incidents of Mungo Park's narrative.)

Even the far more likeable Macgregor Laird displays the White pride. "Among other annoyances, they thrust a disgusting Albino close to me, and asked if he was my brother"; and with Captain Trotter's expedition up the Niger in the 1840s the tone has dismally darkened. "Captain Trotter, Senior Commissioner, explained that Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain . . . repugnant to the laws of God. . . . Her benevolent intentions for the benefit of Africa . . ." and so on and so on.

We are not very far now from filibustering Stanley: the 100 lashes to a carrier, the chained and padlocked chiefs, the strong body of men armed with Remingtons, "the withering fire." "the Winchesters were worked handsomely." The dream has vanished. The stores are landed, the trade posts established; civilisation is on the way, the Anglican missionaries will build their fake Norman churches of laterite blocks, and as malaria and yellow fever are defeated, the wives will follow their Rugbeian husbands to hill stations and help them to administer the equal justice of a good public school. Even the savagery of Stanley had something of Africa still about it, more than the playing fields of Bo or the art classes of Achimota. We have much to be proud of in West Africa, of the indirect rule established by Lugard, of our protection—unknown to the same extent in East Africa—of the Native, but the Christian equality which enabled Park to accept with humility the rebuke of a slave has vanished for ever.

GRAHAM GREENE

* *West African Explorers*. Edited by C. HOWARD. *Oxford University Press*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

DIALOGUE ON THE HEADLAND

She : You'll not forget these rocks and what I told you ?
He : How could I ? Never : whatever happens.
She : What do you think might happen ?
Might you fall out of love ?—did you mean that ?
He : Never, never ! "Whatever" was a sop
For jealous listeners in the shadows.
She : You haven't answered me. I asked :
"What do you think might happen ?"
He : Whatever happens : though the skies should fall
Raining their larks and vultures in our laps—
She : "Though the seas turn to slime"—say that—
"Though water-snakes be hatched with six heads."
He : Though the seas turn to slime, or tower
In an arching wave above us, three miles high—
She : "Though she should break with you,"—dare you say that ?—
"Though she deny her words on oath."
He : I had that in my mind to say, or nearly ;
It hurt so much I choked it back.
She : How many other days can't you forget ?
How many other loves and landscapes ?
He : You are jealous ?
She : Damnably.
He : The past is past.
She : And this ?
He : Whatever happens, this goes on.
She : Without a future ? Sweetheart, tell me now :
What do you want of me ? I must know that.
He : Nothing that isn't freely mine already.
She : Say what is freely yours and you shall have it.
He : Nothing that, loving you, I could dare take.
She : O, for an answer with no "nothing" in it !
He : Then give me everything that's left.
She : Left after what ?
He : After whatever happens :
Skies have already fallen, seas are slime
Watersnakes poke and peer six-headedly.
She : And I lie snugly in the Devil's arms.
He : I said : "whatever happens." Are you crying ?
She : You'll not forget me—ever, ever, ever ?

ROBERT GRAVES

MISUNDERSTOOD

Retrospect. By VISCOUNT SIMON. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

All, the preacher has remarked, is Vanity. And there are occasions when we can be thankful for it. Nine times out of ten it is vanity which drives old men to write their memoirs and lures them on to reveal, between the covers of a slap-up autobiography, so much that a greater humility before their contemporaries and a shrewder appreciation of the callous indictments of posterity would suggest might profitably be forgotten. The recorder of history, accordingly, reaps the profit which its creator so incontinently forgoes. Few men who choose to attempt a testamentary assessment of their own lives, succeed in convincing posterity of their wisdom; their service is that they help us to understand the nature of their folly.

Viscount Simon has had a remarkably long run for his money and has achieved the superficial rewards of success in greater measure than most of his contemporaries. Helped by an uncommonly acute critical brain, a persuasive tongue, a pleasantly astringent wit, an almost unseemly distinction of appearance and a complete indifference to the deeper passions of his fellow men, he attained the heights of his twin professions, politics and the Bar, as early as 1910 when he became Solicitor-General. For the last forty years he has been picking his cautious way around the highest pinnacles of public life, overshadowed only by those who have had the temerity to scale them. History may well judge him to have been a lawyer of very great eminence, a Judge of some distinction, a competent Home Secretary, an adequate Chancellor of the Exchequer and perhaps the worst Foreign Secretary of this century. Fortunately for our understanding of his life, Lord Simon does not accept any such assessment. Confident of his own rectitude, he is sufficiently satisfied with his record of public life to undertake his own autobiographical defence. He has seldom used his brilliant advocacy with greater skill or in a less deserving cause.

This is not to say that his life has been an unworthy one—far from it. He has worked hard for his rewards, and many of his lesser triumphs have been genuine ones. But there can be few men of such glittering talents who have been judged by the public opinion of their day to have been so often wrong. A careful study of his defence will probably convince most of his readers that public opinion is in this matter broadly right. The two most important sections of the book are perhaps the account of the General Strike, on which Lord Simon delivered one of his most important Parliamentary speeches, and the defence of the policy of appeasement, as carried out by Lord Simon himself and his pre-war successors at the Foreign Office. In both passages the same weakness is revealed. The Commons speech on the General Strike is a *tour de force* of concise, logical, legally effective argument. Simon's legal judgment showed him that the strike was illegal, and he argued the case against it with an authority deeply impressive to the layman, as it has always been to the lawyer. Yet at no point, apparently, did he see its real significance as part of the great struggle between capital and labour, which has governed the whole pattern of events in this century and which in one way and another has scarred the lives of millions of his contemporaries. For him it was enough that it was illegal; and though he still proclaimed himself at that time some sort of radical, there is no hint of a constructive approach to the underlying problem, and no hint now, a quarter of a century later, of apology for its absence.

The justification of Munich suffers from the same blindness to the bigger issues. The detailed defence of Chamberlain's moves stage by stage, during the meetings with Hitler and from then until the outbreak of war, is cogently and plausibly presented. Lord Simon is fully justified in reminding his readers how many leaders of opinion—of the Left as well as the Right—accepted these arguments at the time and welcomed, at least temporarily, the Munich pact. Moreover, he faces courageously, though not altogether convincingly, the awkward fact that, during the year of grace which Munich may have gained, Hitler prepared for war faster than Chamberlain could. But the charge he fails to meet is that Munich was only the last plank in the rotten structure of appeasement, whose foundations Simon himself had laid as Foreign Secretary half a dozen years earlier. He seems to have had no inkling of the uncompromising moral judgment which the ordinary people of Britain had passed on the Fascist dictators. It was this tide of passionate feeling, based on principle, which in the later Thirties, raised the little men above the level of their rulers. It has been Simon's misfortune that at no time has he been able to identify himself with his compatriots in this or any similarly deep-felt emotion. His great talents have made him an imposing figure-head for forty years; their defects have denied him both leadership and followers. Indeed, it is scarcely an injustice to say that his defence to every public charge which can be brought against him is, "I (and the colleagues who took my line) did right. Events conspired against us." Lesser men could, and did, see through the clouds of witness to the inexorable conspiracy of events which time and again robbed Lord Simon of the triumph he still feels was his due.

I commend this book to all who want to study the anatomy of the decadence which made the inter-war period wasted years for Britain. It is, like its author, beautifully produced; it is well written, interesting, honest according to the author's lights. It is a record of sanctimonious failure—the last nostalgic memorial ode to the grandeur that was Baldwin and the glory of the Oxford Union. It is a failure, alas, even as a defence. A man who has himself for his lawyer, says the old adage of the Bar, has a fool for his client. The wisdom of that epigram is proved on this, as on so many other occasions. The forensic skill is here, the artful logic, the old persuasive charm, but poor Lord Simon has failed to understand the gravity of the charges brought against him. Once again the sense of his life and times eludes him. Still he walks alone, rightly misunderstood, justly condemned by a popular court whose jurisdiction he has never acknowledged.

JOHN FREEMAN

THE MEANING OF THE DANCE

Religious Dances. By E. LOUIS BACKMAN *Allen & Unwin.* 35*s.*

One has to read no farther back in literature than Auden and Eliot to glimpse the immense richness of the Dance as a religious symbol. There is, to begin with, that passage in *East Coker* which evokes the heavy, tramping, yet sacramental, dance of the folk around the bonfire on a summer midnight; while readers of *Nones* will remember the skipping rhythm of the moment "when in a carol under the apple trees The reborn featly dance." Mr. Eliot's country dance owes a debt to his forebear, Sir Thomas Elyot, the sixteenth-century Christian moralist who wrote :

> In euery daunse of a moste auncient custome, there daunseth together a man and a woman, holding eche other by the hande or the arme, which betokeneth concorde.

And this concord is, itself, but a microcosm of the grand cosmic concord, the ordered universal dance of all nature to the measure of Love, forged in words with splendid extravagance at the end of the sixteenth century by Sir John Davies in *Orchestra, or a Poem of Dancing.*

But it is Mr. Auden, characteristically enough, who sticks most strictly to the central Christian doctrine of the Dance, springing ultimately as it does from the dance of David before the Ark. Mr. Auden's "carol" is a ring-dance, the original meaning of the word. From about the fourth century the Blessed in the Christian community were conceived of as dancing a ring-dance with the angels in Paradise at the Resurrection. Dancing is obviously the most complete outward manifestation of an inward change of state. Is the dance, then, merely as Shaw put it, "a crude attempt to get into the rhythm of life"? Or—since the dancer does *become* the dance—a truly impersonal escape from the self? Anyway, dancing was an expression of the new state, of the translation of the reborn, just as it is possible that those about to be baptised once approached the font dancing.

Throughout the Middle Ages a dance, figuring the rapturous dance of the righteous, was common in churches at Easter. In Spain, especially, was the dance a highly accomplished, revered part of church practice. (Until quite recently the dance of the boy choristers, *los seises*, which resembled a minuet, was performed before the high altar in Seville Cathedral.) Throughout the medieval period, also, the Church Councils made repeated, unsuccessful attempts to prohibit sacral dancing. One can see their point; for how treacherously ambivalent is the great symbol of the Dance! The featly dance of the free, the Blessed, may so easily become, by a twist of enthusiasm, the frenzied insane whirling of the slaves of the dance, the possessed. Pure sacral expression of a hope may be replaced by a horrid purposive magical striving to exorcise a present evil or a fear. This is the nature of what, in fact, happened. Sacred dancing degenerated into choreomania.

The Dance Epidemic, in which large numbers of people danced involuntarily for many days until a proportion of them had danced themselves to death, dates from the early Middle Ages; it lasted until the seventeenth century, and even then, shedding its religious disguise, the dancing mania continued for two centuries more.

AROUND BRITAIN WITH BON VIVEUR

Every week readers of *The Daily Telegraph* have accompanied Bon Viveur in a search for the best that Britain can offer in hospitality, good food and picturesque scenery. Here at last is a generously illustrated book based on this famous series. As the information was collected anonymously, it reflects the standard of service which every traveller may expect in Britain today. It is, in fact, an essential vade-mecum.

12*s.* 6*d.*

JOHN LEHMANN

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES

• FOR BOOKS •

New, secondhand and rare Books on every subject. Stock of over three million volumes.

Subscriptions taken for British, American and continental magazines and we have a first-class Postal Library.

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2
Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)
Open 9-6 (inc. Sats.)

A. Aspinall

M.A., D.Litt.

THREE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY DIARIES

The first substantial work which has been published for 30 years on the Great Reform Act of 1832. The book is "essential reading" for all scholars concerned with the parliamentary history of that period.

Illustrated 15*s.*

M. Follick

M.P.

THE TWELVE REPUBLICS

A fascinating account of travel in the republics of the Caribbean. Woven into the story is much little-known information about their historical and economic development.

Ready shortly 15*s.*

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE

36 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

Like David Copperfield's Dora who thought her ignorance in the matter of buying meat mattered little, because "the butcher would know how to sell it," we have all, until recently, had a feeling that Europe was something that looked after itself, whose affairs, as far as they needed managing, were in the hands of experts, and about which we need not worry.

No modern Dora could look upon her mutton in that light—and we are today witnessing the collapse of that society we used to take for granted. In

Understanding Europe

Christopher Dawson

surveys that collapse, showing just how it has come about and trying to see what can be done to save the situation.

It is a question of survival for us, but it concerns also Asia and America, and Mr. Dawson considers the problem from their point of view too.

Because it is written with complete realism, this book is at once frightening and heartening.

16 - net

SHEED & WARD

SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

"Always Complete—Never Finished!"

The Bookcase that grows up in your library. Craftsman made and finished, each unit is complete in itself. They can be arranged and grouped in any desired arrangement.

The Bookcase Illustrated above comprises

1 No. 200 Top Unit	. .	£1	11 4
1 No. 208½ Book Unit	.	£4	6 0
1 No. 210½ Book Unit	.	£4	9 4
1 No. 313½ Large Book Unit		£6	9 4
1 No. 301 Base	. . .	£1	11 4

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY FROM STOCK

Send for Illustrated Priced Catalogue

D. MATTHEWS & SON, LTD

COMPLETE OFFICE FURNISHERS

14/16 MANCHESTER STREET, LIVERPOOL, 1

Est. 1848 *Phone:* Central 2694

MACGIBBON & KEE BOOKS

Ordeal by Slander

By OWEN LATTIMORE

"Moving and courageous . . tells us what ordeal by slander means to victim." (*New Statesman*) 13*s.* 6*d.*

Story of Watches

By T. P. CAMERER CUSS

Watches from 15th century origin to present day. For horologists and collectors. *Illus.* 25*s.*

Leslie Stephen

By NOEL ANNAN

Best biography of 1951—James Tait Black Prize. "A delight to read." Harold Nicolson. 25*s.*

Estate in Abruzzi

by FRANCESCO JOVINE

"Realism of admirably direct and lively kind . . . carries an unaffected tragic humanity."—*Times*. *Translated by Archibald Colquhoun.* 15*s.* 6*d.*

MR. NICHOLAS

by Thomas Hinde

"A triumph."—Betjeman. "Entertaining, extremely clever."—*Times.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Spring's Green Shadow

By CECILY MACKWORTH

"Sensuous perception . . . great technical skill."—*Times Lit. Supp.* "Beautifully narrated."—Richard Church. 10*s.* 6*d.*

MACGIBBON & KEE

This story of religious dancing with its neo-Platonic and Judaic background, its acceptance into the body of orthodox Christian ritual, its relapse into magic, mania and disease, and its indisputable relation to the medieval processions of flagellants, St. Anthony's fire and the modern St. Vitus' dance—all this is a subject for a scholar who can claim equal freedom in such varied kingdoms of knowledge as theology, medicine, anthropology, hymnology, pictorial art and social history. Mr. Louis Backman, who is Professor of Pharmacology at the Royal Swedish University of Upsala, does possess this nowadays remarkable academic ubiquity. Having subdued his vast topic to a disciplined order, skilfully field-marshalling huge deployments of fact, he puts forward several original interpretations. The most striking of these is his completely convincing theory that in the historical episode upon which the legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin was based the children, who sinisterly "disappear" at the end of the tale, were sufferers, in 1374—the year of the greatest medieval dance epidemic—of the dancing disease, a gaily clothed musician being sent, as was often the case, to soothe and cure them with his playing.

What, though, of dancing mania itself? What is the explanation of this terrible phenomenon? The meaning, alas, of the Dance when it passes from sacrament to mania is sadly simple—ergot poisoning. Ergot is a fungus which grows on all kinds of grain, especially on rye. Rye was the substance of the bread principally eaten by the poor in the Middle Ages. The symptoms of ergot poisoning—cramp, twitching and so on—Mr. Backman has detected in the many accounts of the behaviour of the dancers and in the pictures of them actually at their dancing by Brueghel the Elder and others. The mass degradation, the deaths, were caused by ignorance of the simple fact of ergot. This is the conclusion of the story which Mr. Backman tells so well and so fully. It is one of the deepest pathos.

ANTHONY CURTIS

Shipwrecked hens that laid blue eggs . . .

a gardener who makes perches for local owls . . . a cat that lets tits open milk-bottles for him . . . oddities crop up as a matter of course in the country, as this quarter's *Countryman* shows. That is one reason why the *Countryman* appeals alike to the town-dweller with an intelligent love of the country and the country people who write its articles, anecdotes, poetry and pictures.

The Countryman

Summer Number just out

From your Newsagent

2/6 a copy a year **10/-**

Published quarterly from 10, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

A new and brilliant essay by the greatest living thinker on the most vital topic of our time

Bertrand Russell

WHAT IS FREEDOM?

One Shilling

This will be the tenth and latest *Background Book*—the important new series on current affairs, a descriptive leaflet of which will be sent if you write to the Publishers.

THE BATCHWORTH PRESS

34, BLOOMSBURY STREET, W.C.1

Second International Henryk Wieniawski

COMPETITION FOR VIOLINISTS

Warsaw, December 1952

British entries for the above are invited and prospective candidates (age limit 32 or 35 for P.O.W.s and similar) should write to **The Polish Cultural Institute**, 81, Portland Place, London, W.1.

GOING ON HOLIDAY?

Do not rely on "picking-up" your copies of THE NEW STATESMAN wherever you are to be. We will post them on THURSDAY nights to you at any address on the continent. Simply send us your addresses and remittance in good time. **2 copies 1 9,** each additional copy 10½*d.*

NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

NEW NOVELS

A Tale of Santa Croce. By VASCO PRATOLINI. *Peter Owen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Witch's Thorn. By RUTH PARK. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

October Island. By WILLIAM MARCH. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Temptation of Mr. Fraill. By RAYNOR D. CHAPMAN. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Although the novels reviewed in this journal are themselves selected from a very much larger number as being worthy of attention, it seems unlikely that anyone but a bed-ridden insomniac would want or be able to read them all. The reviewer, is tempted accordingly to divide them into sheep and goats, recommending a few that strongly appeal to him, and dismissing the others with one of those grisly politenesses—"modestly entertaining," "agreeably perceptive," "occasionally reminiscent of Hugh Walpole"—which tell the reader that he really needn't bother, and which break the heart of the apprentice novelist. This, however, is insomniac's week; these novels cannot be divided into sheep and goats; they are all certainly well worth reading, if not worth stealing.

Signor Pratolini's book, reported by the publishers to be his own favourite work, is a novel almost without a plot, an apparently guileless meander through the adolescence of a group of young Florentines in the early Thirties. It is not quite so guileless as it seems, in the first place because it is put together with great skill from the point of view of holding the reader's attention, and secondly because, while it has very little plot, it has instead a theme, a theme of comradeship, non-political proletarian solidarity, resistance to Fascism. As a theme it is unoriginal, not to say well-worn, but fortunately it is discreet and unobtrusive. For the rest Signor Pratolini's young people talk, copulate, get engaged, get conscripted, quarrel, make it up, leave their families, return, as in some elaborate ritual dance of youth. There is something of a formula for this kind of book, whether it takes place in the Odessa ghetto, among the Boston Irish, or in the slums of Paris, but Signor Pratolini's emphasis is upon the relationship of the young people with one another rather than upon their relationships with their families, and he is not sentimental—not very sentimental anyway—nor cosy nor nostalgic.

The Witch's Thorn is also largely a picture of a community, but a different kind of a community. Te Kano is a small town in New Zealand, a grim little hole, where the spouting of the geyser and the passage of the Auckland express are the main events. Miss Park's book is in part a brilliant essay in Colonial disgust, in *cafard*, in *la nausée*, sometimes brutally funny and sometimes merely brutal. In the course of exploring Te Kano with a flame thrower she is at her ferocious best when dealing with the Maoris, for her savagery does not obscure, but indeed illuminates, a profound, intimate and moving sympathy. Uncle Pihopa, the aged, frail, smelly descendant of chiefs, is a masterly creation; among other distinctions, he has eaten a Bishop:

> Sometimes young, college-educated Maoris, having learned their history and knowing very well that no bishop ever found his final diocese in the brisket of one of New Zealand's noble natives, insisted on knowing the name of this savoury cleric. But Uncle Pihopa was equal to them. He would stamp his twisted black walking stick at their toes and croak: "By Keriki, you think I stop to ask his bloody name? I only know he taste like pigs' feet all over."

For the rest, *The Witch's Thorn* is a smooth, wet tear-jerker about the misfortunes of a little girl who is passed from one cruel home to another with great implausibility, until she ends up among the Maoris. The difference between the two elements in Miss Park's book is disconcerting, for even if her brutal fun gets out of control sometimes and becomes hysterical, it strikes one as the product of a strong and lively talent, whereas some of the rest of the book gives the impression of being the result of an assiduous and rather disagreeably shrewd assessment of what the public wants.

William March is a name that was unknown to me, but I learn from the "quotes" in *October Island* that he is the author of *Company K*, acclaimed by Mr. Graham Greene, James Agate and others as one of the masterpieces of the First World War. In this book, however, Mr. March moves in the same atmosphere as Norman Douglas. *October Island*, both in physical and moral climate, is indeed quite like Nepenthe; it is, however, in a different sea, the Pacific. To it there come, in the Nineties, the Reverend Barnfield, of the Church of the Gospel Prophets, and Mrs. Barnfield. To the natives, the beautiful Polynesian children of nature—whose corruption Miss Park mourns so painfully in *The Witch's Thorn*—sensual, happy, elaborately religious, Mr. Barnfield brings the Christianity of the ice-bound granite and the stuffy back-parlours of Vermont. He is a good and gentle man; they are polite and tolerant; there is no real point of contact. With Mrs. Barnfield the case is otherwise; she herself has a streak of paganism and discontent, and it soon becomes a question of whether she is converting the natives to Christianity or they are converting her to Shurabast. Her actions, and her condition of married virginity, all very natural from her point of view—and from the reader's—fulfil various requirements of a Shurabast Messiah, and after the death of her husband she returns as a goddess to bask in their devotion. This is a civilised, entertaining book, and if it had appeared during the period of the events it describes, and particularly if it had appeared before *The Way of All Flesh*—not to say before *South Wind*—it would have been a remarkable one. At the present day, not only in what has already been described, but in the interwoven story of Mr. Barnfield's sister Lurline, who broke away from her despotic Pontifex-like father to become a prostitute, it seems a little old-fashioned.

The Temptation of Mr. Fraill is more than a little old-fashioned; it is so old-fashioned as to possess a kind of originality. Mr. Fraill is a Nonconformist minister in a Yorkshire industrial town; both his pastorate and his marriage have become dull, and when an attractive young widow joins his congregation he is on one occasion saved from making advances to her only by the grace of God. That, plus a flashback account of an early love affair, is all. But this little scene from clerical life, although bare and even bleak, is not dim. Mr. Fraill, with a dash of lustfulness and perhaps of sloth in his nature, priggish and stiff by upbringing, but unfailingly gentle, sweet-natured, and with reserves of strength, is an interesting study. Both his early loves, Rosalind, and the widow Mrs. Morris, are revealingly touched in, and the portrait of Mrs. Fraill is touching without being sentimental. The physical atmosphere of Yorkshire and the spiritual atmosphere of Nonconformity are well and sympathetically caught; this is, against an unpretentious and unfashionable background, a book about the Christian faith. Mr. Chapman's style is attractively straightforward, although its plainness sometimes becomes cliché and it is inclined to be insensitive. But even the faults of this book are so unmodish that they are almost enjoyable.

J. D. SCOTT

The Life and Letters of
ROBERT G.
INGERSOLL

BY HIS GRANDDAUGHTER
EVA INGERSOLL WAKEFIELD

ENGLISH EDITOR ROYSTON PIKE

A comprehensive biographical introduction gives the facts about an extraordinarily interesting career. The core of the volume consists of a very large number of letters in which the Ingersollian gospel of "Happiness is the only good, the time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is to make others happy," is brought home in the most intimate, the most appealing, the most convincing fashion.

JUST OUT. 21s. *net*

Philosophy for Pleasure

HECTOR HAWTON

"Writes intentionally for those with little or no knowledge of philosophy, and sails smoothly through the centuries from "The Discovery of Reason" to a contemplation of leaders of thought in our day."—*The Times Literary Supplement.* 10s. 6d. *net*

C. A. WATTS & CO. LTD.
JOHNSON'S COURT · LONDON · E.C.4

JUST OUT

ANOTHER SPAIN
CHURTON FAIRMAN

An informal, personal account of the Spain of the Spanish peasant, of the primitive but warm-hearted regions that lie beyond the highroad. *Superbly illustrated* from the author's own photographs.
Demy 8vo. 18/- net.

THE ZOO STORY
L. R. BRIGHTWELL

An F.R.Z.S. for nearly fifty years, the author here sets forth the history of a great institution from its inception to the present. "*Will fascinate all animal lovers.*"—Evening News.
Demy 8vo *Fully Illustrated.* 16/- net.

IN HEAVY DEMAND

LEASE OF LIFE
ANDREW MILBOURNE

"A story of constructive idealism which can have few parallels . . . One of the most moving accounts of real heroism I have ever come across."—*New Statesman.* "A book that exalts the human spirit."—*Beverley Baxter.*
Demy 8vo. 12,6 net.

MUSEUM PRESS LTD

MAURICE NICOLL

Psychological Commentaries on the teaching of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky

"This is the fullest and most penetrating study of Gurdjieff's and Ouspensky's teaching that has yet appeared . . . . a book of great importance."
KENNETH WALKER

". . . . I can vouch for the tremendously exciting quality of the reading."
TIME & TIDE

3 volumes. Royal 8vo. £4 4s. the set.

VINCENT STUART
55 WELBECK STREET LONDON W1

Sir John Soane
by John Summerson

'SOANE is an important figure in architectural history . . . anybody with pretentions to architectural knowledge ought at least to know about him. Thanks to Mr Summerson, we can get to know all that is important about him in about two hours or less with the aid of this small book. Not only shall we want to possess it because of its clear analysis of Soane's life and work and for its excellent illustrations, but we may like to introduce him to others who are not already acquainted with him.'
The Times Literary Supplement

10s 6d

ART & TECHNICS LTD
58 Frith Street W1 Gerrard 3912

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

HARWELL

The first official account to present to the general public a connected story of the work and problems of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell from its inception in 1946 to the end of 1951.
(Illustrated) 6s. (6s. 3d.)

DEVELOPMENT AND WELFARE IN THE WEST INDIES

Work of the Development and Welfare Organisation with particular reference to 1951. (Illustrated.)
(Colonial No. 282) 4s. 6d. (4s. 9d.)

COLONIAL REPORTS

Some recent issues in this series :

SIERRA LEONE, 1950	3s. (3s. 2d.)
BASUTOLAND, 1950	4s. 6d. (4s. 8d.)
SWAZILAND, 1950	4s. (4s. 2d.)
CYPRUS, 1951	3s. 6d. (3s. 7½d.)

Prices in brackets include postage

H. M. STATIONERY OFFICE

York House, Kingsway, London W.C.2; 423 Oxford Street, London W.1 (Post Orders: P.O. Box 569, London, S.E.1); 13a Castle Street, Edinburgh 2; 39 King Street, Manchester, 2; 2 Edmund Street, Birmingham 3; 1 St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff; Tower Lane, Bristol 1; 80 Chichester Street, Belfast.

OR THROUGH ANY BOOKSELLER

Number Six

B. POLEVOY: Builders of a Great Waterway
B. SOLOVYOV: New Themes in Poetry
G. KRYZHITSKY: Children's Theatres
L. EIDLIN: The Chinese Short Story
B. BRAININA: Konstantin Fedin
V. LAZAREV: Leonardo da Vinci
N. Gogol, V. Hugo

Soviet Literature

THE MONTHLY CULTURAL JOURNAL
ART ★ LITERATURE ★ POETRY ★ CRITICISM

Send 1/- for specimen copy. Normally 1/6 a copy from all Collet's Bookshops. 12/6d. a year or 6/6d. for 6 months from

COLLET'S
Subscription Dept., 40 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1

I enclose for months' subscription

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

FAU INTERNATIONAL SERVICE

LAVENDER FARM - SHAW HILL
MELKSHAM - WILTS

MEMBERSHIP	is open to young pacifists who are prepared to serve with the organisation for two years.
ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP	is offered to young men, pacifists or not, who are interested to serve for about six months.
WORK	in Britain or overseas is constructive and of national and international significance, is varied and often hard.
ALLOWANCES	for pocket money, clothing and leave travel are given and small compassionate allowances are available in cases of need.
MAINTENANCE	and medical care at home or overseas are provided and fares paid.
APPLY	to the General Secretary.

WHY WASTE TIME WRITING ON YOUR OWN?

Are you one of those, with talent and ambition, who think they can succeed without guidance? Would you try to learn the piano without instruction? Or painting? Or indeed any of the crafts? Then why not seek the personal guidance of the experts on the staff of the London School of Journalism? The LSJ was founded over 30 years ago under the aegis of the press, and has brought correspondence coaching up to a personal level not obtainable elsewhere. There are separate courses in Journalism, Story Writing, Poetry and Radio Plays. Special Lessons in English Literature written by L. A. G. Strong, in English History by J. Hampden Jackson. Fees are low. Preliminary advice is free. Send for "Writing for the Press" and make your writing pay.

Prospectus Office:
LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1
MUSeum 4574.

"There are LSJ students all over the world."

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL
CAMBERWELL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS
Peckham Road, S.E.5.
PRINCIPAL: L. J. DANIELS, A.R.C.A.

DRAWING AND PAINTING
MODELLING AND SCULPTURE
ILLUSTRATION AND COMMERCIAL DESIGN
INTERIOR DESIGN · POTTERY · FURNITURE
WOVEN AND PRINTED TEXTILES AND OTHER CRAFTS · PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING

MINISTRY OF EDUCATION AND CITY AND GUILDS OF LONDON INSTITUTE'S EXAMINATIONS
Further particulars from the Principal (571)

Hand Built **RADIOGRAMOPHONE** Equipment
INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION AT A REASONABLE COST
EXISTING INSTRUMENTS REBUILT TO MODERN HIGH FIDELITY STANDARDS
UNIVERSAL ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS
36, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1
WELbeck 4058

For boys and girls aged 7-16
CHILDREN'S HOLIDAYS – Bournemouth
Our fourth seaside House-Party for Boys and Girls. College premises at Bournemouth. Experienced, child-loving staff, house-matrons. Various periods July 30-September 3. Write for illustrated brochure to:
Secretary, JUNIOR HOLIDAYS (SN)
69 Wigmore Street, W.1 Langham 2959

SPAIN TRAVEL
19, Woburn Sq., W.C.1
BARCELONA, SITGES, COSTA BRAVA
Lazy 15 days with informal unherded party interested in people not fashions. Only £10 currency taken. Send your vac. dates and get brochure.

CURRENT REVIEWS

Of the periodicals recently received, *Colonnade* is a newcomer; it will be published three times a year (at 2s. 6d. an issue, from 18 St. Leonard's Terrace, S.W.3) and will aim "to stress the unity of the European tradition." The first number, which opens with an acute analysis by G. S. Fraser of some recent American criticisms of Yeats, is full of interest; J. V. Davies writes on Brunelleschi and Hawksmoor; there are poems by George Seferis and F. T. Prince, an extract from Rex Warner's forthcoming translation of Thucydides, and Ian Scott-Kilvert writes of travels in Epirus; the paper's centre is certainly Mediterranean.

It is by now evident that at least one outstanding writer's problem—where to place the 5,000- or 7,000-word essay or serious article—is no longer so acute. The vitality and high standard of monthlies like *The Cambridge Journal* and *The Twentieth Century* (3s. each) illustrate the way in which a small but, one hopes, a growing body of readers is ready to welcome solid fare when it is appetisingly presented. *The Twentieth Century* suffers from diffuseness; its rival's only drawback is an occasional owl-eyed solemnity of tone that betokens its topographical kinship with *Scrutiny*. But, on the whole, the *Cambridge Journal* has been well in the lead during recent months. One remembers Asa Brigg's excellent *Trollope, Bagehot and the English Constitution* in the March issue, Duncan Forbes's admirable *James Mill and India* (October), and R. R. Bolgar's *The Pious Egoism of Ernest Renan*, which appeared last December. Mr. Bolgar's essay was a brilliant new judgment of Renan presented in the Edmund Wilson manner, while W. A. S. Kier's careful and sensitive reconsideration of *A Passage to India* (April) atoned for Douglas Parmée's dull and unoriginal comments on Sorel the month before. *Twentieth Century* highlights have included Max Beloff's *The Napoleonic Order* (June), and J. G. Weightman's analysis of *The French Reviews* (January); this last contained Mr. Weightman's now celebrated and heterodox definition of Gide as "the personification of fuss in literature." The November issue included A. J. P. Taylor's devastating account of Professor Carr's successive attempts to "spot the winners" in history.

Essays in Criticism (quarterly, 4s.) provides an admirable sounding board for current writing on literature. Harry Levin's account of *Madame Bovary* in the January issue is in the best *Horizon* tradition; he concludes that "The book is at once a warning against other novels and a model for other novelists, a classical demonstration of what literature gives and what literature takes." The standard of contributions is uneven, and instead of Mr. Levin one may well get something like Ernst Robert Curtius's rambling disquisition on *Balzac Today* (October). In bulkier form, the *Hudson Review* (quarterly, 7s. 6d., English subscriptions from B. H. Blackwell, Oxford) continues to provide an outlet for creative and critical writing. Recent issues have included Allen Tate's *To Whom is the Poet Responsible?* (Autumn number), an amusing analysis of English nursery rhymes against the background of English history, by Robert Graves, and an essay on St. John Perse, by Claudel. On our own side of the Atlantic, and at a far more popular level, the *Cornhill* (quarterly, 2s. 6d.) continues to provide a fine range of literary entertainment. The *Cornhill*'s only fault is that it is too "name-conscious." Among admirable contributions from Osbert Lancaster, Patrick Leigh-Fermor, Elizabeth Bowen and Lionel Trilling (the last is an examination of *The Poet as Hero: The Letters of John Keats*), one stumbles on a short story by Laurens van der Post in the Spring issue which would win any literary prize for turgidity. "Even the light of that contracting December afternoon," he tells us, "receding from the day like the grey tide of a stilled sea from a forgotten and forlorn foreshore fuming silently in the gathering mists of time, glowed in his eyes not like a light from without so much as the fading tones of a frozen wintry moment far back in some calendar of his own within." Although the *Month* (2s. 6d.), continues to maintain a high literary standard, there are signs that it is in danger of becoming a parish magazine for the Papist highbrow. Amid so much ecclesiastical waste land, articles like Katharine Chorley's *The Romantic Approach to Scenery* (May), and Jocelyn Brooke's witty appreciation of *The Novels of Edward Sackville West*, seem oases.

For the amateur historian, *History Today* (monthly, 2s. 6d.) continues to provide a lively and varied diet. Recent contributions have ranged from Zoroastrian manuscripts to Gladstone's last administration, from Crusader castles to the decline of Roman Britain. The current issue—admirably illustrated, as usual—includes H. G. Nicholas's reassessment of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and another of A. P. Ryan's excellent political profiles—this time of Balfour. For the specialist, there is *Past and Present*, a new "journal of scientific history," published twice a year at the high price of 9s. (John Morris, 39 King's Avenue, N.10). This new periodical owes its existence, its editors declare, to the present "concern about the state of historical research and discussion." The first number includes *An Interpretation of Chinese Economic History*, by Wu Ta-k'un.

Universities Quarterly (Turnstile Press, 5s.) continues to provide a specialised readership with a periodical written in a lively and unspecialist manner. The May issue contains a spirited discussion of *Philosophy in the University* by J. M. Cameron and Stephen Toulmin, and articles on *Technology in the Universities* by Sir John Cockcroft and *University Adult Education in the U.S.* by Cyril O. Houle.

Though the life of the poetry magazine tends to be short, new ones keep courageously springing up to replace the casualties, and the aspiring poet to-day has a fairly wide choice of specialised papers to submit his work to—though unfortunately with a better chance of publication than of pay. Of the well-established ones, both *Poetry Quarterly* (1s. 6d.) and *Poetry* (the organ of the British Poetry Association, quarterly, 2s. 1d.) maintain their eclectic policy and print the unknown author beside the known. The most recent *Poetry Quarterly* has an appreciation of J. C. Hall by Geoffrey Wagner, and a long poem on the Nativity by Muriel Spark; to recent issues of *Poetry* A. J. Arberry has contributed an article on *Early Moorish Poetry* and James Kirkup some *Notes on the Making of Poetry*. Among

Subscription Rates

Yearly, £2 5s. 0d.; Six months, £1 2s. 6d.; Three months, 11s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

To any country in Europe, £3 8s. 0d. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3 13s. 0d.).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main airport.
Africa: South £4. East £4 5s. West £3 15s.
India, Pakistan, £4 5s. Singapore, Malaya, £4 10s.
Hong Kong £5 5s. Australia £6.
New Zealand, £6 10s.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.
Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
30, East 60th Street N. Y. 22, N. Y.
Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express $17 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland, 2d.; Foreign, 2d.; Canada, 1d.*

newer magazines are *Poetry, Manchester* (now in its second year, quarterly, 2s. 8d.); *Departure*, a new University venture (published from Merton College, Oxford); *Ninepence* (490 Holdenhurst Road, Bournemouth), which is in favour of young poets taking more care about their writing; *Concern* (69a, Chesterton Road, Cambridge, 1s.); and *Nimbus* (quarterly, 1s. 8d.), whose format resembles the pre-war *New Verse*. It is difficult to characterise these papers; they all show sensibility and intelligence, and there are few signs of cliqueishness; few signs, too, of drive or direction.

An exception, perhaps, is the broadsheet *Quarto* (quarterly, 1s. 2d., 8 Duke's Avenue, Edgware). It presents fewer poets in each issue than most of the other magazines, but they are more substantially represented; in recent issues there have been groups of poems by Terence Hards, Karen Loewenthal, Elizabeth Jennings and Jane Lunt, which give a much better basis for appreciation and understanding than a single poem.

Finally, admirers of Conrad Aiken will like to know that that the current issue of the American review *Wake* (No. 11, 18 East 198th St., N.Y.C., $1.50) is devoted to his work—there are new poems by Aiken and appreciations by Allen Tate, Marianne Moore, and others.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,165

Set by J. B. Roderic

Departing holiday-makers from Britain are invited to compose an eight-line poem in anticipation of foreign food. Entries by July 1st.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,162

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a prose paragraph advertising a literary or political summer school, to be held in England at any date before 1850. Limit 150 words.

Report by Naomi Lewis

Stark, indeed, was the distinction between those who *knew* their Summer School, and those who only guessed. And then, not many of the former, it seemed, cared to make light of the subject. Consequently, few entries caught the expected note: bold yet chaste; inviting; admonitory; *practical*. We missed too often a statement of the theme (Anglo-Norse Relations, say, or Whither Pantisocracy?); a list of the speakers; a word or two about conditions. As for the lecturers—it was an error to select the most illustrious great names. Shakespeare would not be so easy to get: Nashe, Harvey, Kyd would be your men. Not Lyly, of course. Perhaps at Aldeburgh, though. I was tempted by Edward Blishen's course for Ballad Makers, held in August 1352 at Usher's Well, which had among its subjects "Is the Ballad Doomed?" and among its speakers Anon., Anon., and Anon. And nearly as much by his Mermaid School ("Are you worried that your text may be handed down in a corrupt version? C. Marlowe will speak on 'A Writer's Relations with his Interpolators'") at which (among others) T. Kyd would speak on 'The Supernatural and the Box Office' and the inclusive weekly fee would be 6 pence. J. R. Till also opened well with his "NEW CENTURY FESTIVAL OF ENLIGHTENMENT at the mansion of a Philanthropic Nobleman near TINTERN ABBEY. A number of elevating discourses will be given in this Gothick pleasance. Among those who will speak are LORD BYRON (*Morals Overseas*), P. B. SHELLEY (*An Etonian Looks Back*), and MRS. RADCLIFFE (*My Heroes*). . . . The proceedings will be enlivened by quadrille and croquet (Deists *versus* Infidels); and a Debate on *Benevolence and the Lower Orders* between T. Peacock and T. Paine. . . ." But in neither of these near-winners was the improbable-probable seriously sustained throughout. Prizes are shared between the five printed, with special commendations also to Colin Watson, R. S. Jaffray, Eric Stockdale and Sheila Bathurst.

1849

TOWARDS A GOLDEN AGE! During July MR. MARTIN TUPPER invites you to ALBURY,

Company Meeting

MARKS AND SPENCER LIMITED

INCREASE IN TURNOVER

IMPROVED VALUES OF MERCHANDISE

The twenty-sixth Annual General Meeting of Marks & Spencer Limited, was held on the 12th June in London.

In the course of his speech Sir Simon Marks, D.Sc. (Chairman and Joint Managing Director), stated:—

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Profits on last year's trading, after taxation, amounted to £2,206,000 (previous year £2,557,000). With £100,000 (tax over-provided in the past) and carry-forward from last year there is available for distribution £6,969,000 compared with £6,528,000 a year ago.

A Final Dividend of 65%, making 80%, less tax (last year 75%) was proposed. After the dividends and other appropriations recommended £4,506,000 would be carried forward.

RESERVES

The Reserve Funds at the date of the Balance Sheet amounted to £11,054,000, as compared with £9,332,000 a year ago. This is an increase of £1,722,000—£1,202,000 from the profits of the year retained in the business, and £520,000 from the net surplus arising from the disposal of properties and investments during the year.

It is proposed to capitalise an amount of £2,261,745 on the basis of one "A" Ordinary Share for each Ordinary or "A" Ordinary Share held on 17th May, 1952. After such capitalisation Reserve Funds will amount to £8,793,000.

PROPERTIES AND EQUIPMENT

Properties stand in the Balance Sheet at £8,597,000. We expended £553,000—mainly on rebuilding Stores destroyed during the war. On the general maintenance of our properties we spent £429,000.

Fixtures and Equipment have risen from £1,671,000 to £2,348,000 (after Depreciation).

STORE DEVELOPMENTS

We are operating 233 Stores. Our Stores at Exeter, Plymouth and Yarmouth have been rebuilt. These are the first full replacements which have come into operation. A number of extensions have been made and rebuilding is in progress at Bristol, Southampton and Swansea.

We have continued to carry out our policy of modernising our stores.

This programme includes modern lighting, general decorative schemes, new counters and fittings to display our merchandise to advantage. There is no doubt that our public appreciate the improvements we have carried out and enjoy shopping in a pleasing environment.

PRICE REDUCTIONS

It is with satisfaction that we can report an increase in our turnover of 15% over the previous year. Conditions of trading in textiles, which constitute 75% of our business, differed greatly in the past two years. The change was most evident in the latter part of the year under review, when a serious break in raw material prices occurred. This downward movement was intensified by the contraction of the export market, which threw large stocks of materials on to the home market. In the previous year, it will be remembered, the reverse trend was in progress.

Your Board decided to scale down our selling prices, an approach which accorded with our policy of passing on to the public the advantages of lower prices and better values as soon as possible.

The decision necessitated a writing down of stocks of materials held by our Subsidiary Companies and of goods held by the Parent Company. Speaking to you last year, I mentioned our anxiety in regard to the abnormal increase in the price of raw materials as there was evidence of downward trends in certain key raw materials. To meet such an eventuality, we then increased our Stock Contingency Reserve to £500,000. Because the trend of prices is still uncertain, we are recommending the appropriation of £500,000 from profits to increase that specific Reserve to £1,000,000.

Our price reductions were borne entirely by the year's trading. It is the intention of your Board not to draw on the Stock Contingency Reserve unless necessary. If events prove that this Reserve is not needed for its specific purpose, it can be made available for other purposes.

PUBLIC'S RESPONSE

The lowering of prices met with immediate response from our customers and brought about an impressive increase in business. Our action strengthened the confidence and goodwill which we enjoy with the public, the solid foundation on which our business rests.

I am glad to record that our suppliers took similar action. They, like ourselves, had planned their own supplies of materials many months ahead at the prices then prevailing.

By writing down their stocks and commitments and by operating jointly with us for a period at lower margins of profit, our trade expanded with mutual benefit. This collaboration testifies to the good relations which exist between our suppliers and ourselves; and I am happy to express to our friends our deep appreciation of their fine co-operative spirit.

During the post-war years our efforts were directed to increasing our supplies of woven materials of uniform standards of quality. This is one of the largest sections of our business. Thanks to our arrangements with our textile manufacturers we were progressively able to provide our garment makers with the stocks they needed to operate more efficiently and economically, and were assured of a continuity of supply during a long period of shortage.

Our Subsidiary Companies act as service departments for these purposes. Directed and controlled by the Parent Company, their function is to buy the many varieties of woven cloths we need in their grey state and to convert them into the finished materials. They act as a pipeline of supplies which are allocated to our garment makers. This system of operation gives us a high degree of flexibility.

PROGRESS IN CURRENT YEAR

The first two months' trading of the current year has shown a noteworthy increase in our turnover. There has been a reduction in our overall stocks with a corresponding improvement in the cash position.

The ending of the "Utility" Scheme has brought within our range an extensive variety of new and better quality materials, affording us greater opportunities of improving our goods.

Our role is to interpret to our manufacturers changes of taste, fashion or style and a public demand for higher standards of manufacture, more attractive and durable materials, better styling and finish at prices they can afford to pay.

I am glad to say that our suppliers are helping us to carry this policy into effect.

Our Food Section consists in the main of specialised lines. We have been able, with the co-operation of our suppliers, to improve the selection and upgrade their quality.

We are vigilantly maintaining our campaign to ensure that the foods we handle are prepared and sold under hygienic conditions. It is gratifying to observe that many Authorities use our premises to demonstrate what is a good standard of general cleanliness when they arrange their local Food Hygiene Exhibitions.

The whole economic trend is plainly towards lower prices—a movement which must have a beneficial effect on the cost of living. British industry with its unrivalled experience and modernised equipment is in the position to profit by this turn of events.

It can, by even more efficient production, further reduce prices and thus expand the purchasing power of the community. There is little doubt that, if management and labour work together in a spirit of harmony and understanding, they can once again raise the standard of life of the people of this island.

STAFF AND WELFARE

The strength of a business lies not only in its merchandising ability but also in the degree that it can obtain the whole-hearted co-operation of its staff in the day-to-day work. Your Board can say with truth that they are fortunate in having the services of a devoted and loyal body of co-workers who now number over 20,000.

The Board has always been concerned with their well-being. This concern expresses itself in the many services and amenities which have been evolved during the years as an integral part of the business. It has been our experience that through these services we help to foster not only greater efficiency but also a happy team spirit.

The courteous, helpful service of our staff to our customers contributes in no small measure to the goodwill we enjoy with the public. On behalf of the Board and in your name, I thank them for their work in the past year.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

Allotment letters will be posted on 30th June.

to meet his family, some of his friends, and himself. Monographs will be read on the following topics: "The Proverbial Approach"; "The French Menace"; "The Philosophical Approach"; "Defending British Homes"; "Loyalty and Laureateship"; "The Proverbial Philosophical Approach." Also present will be Mr. John Ruskin ("The Modern Approach"); Mr. D. G. Rossetti ("The Mediaeval Approach"); Mr. Charles Kingsley ("The Social Approach"); Mr. Thomas Hughes ("The Public School Approach"). You are asked to bring copies of the Authorized Version, and of *Proverbial Philosphy*; stationery; a contribution towards Mrs. Tupper's Housekeeping Expenses. You are earnestly recommended to use the Guildford approach, as Mr. Martin Tupper Junior will be there to greet visitors and send pigeon messages announcing arrivals.

ERIC SWAINSON

Radicals desirous of becoming Philosophic, and Philosophers reluctantly forced to turn Radical, are invited to a session of AESTIVAL TEACHER-LEARNER INTERCOURSE at Ford Abbey, generously lent by MR. BENTHAM. Classes will be conducted in a PANOPTICON, especially erected in the grounds, this ingenious device being as efficacious for the Liberation of the Mind as it is for the Incarceration of the Body.

MR. JAS. MILL will lecture on "The Place of Latin and Greek in the Education of Infants." MR. McCULLOCH will deliver a course on "The Principles of Malthusianism." This will be supplemented by Practical Instruction for those who desire it. Two hours each day will be devoted to Innocent and Rational Diversions—Poetry, Pushpin, etc. Financial Succedanea are available to the Deserving Poor, who should apply to MR. PLACE, of Charing Cross. Applications to MR. J. S. MILL at East India House, before June 30th, 1825.

HENRY PARRIS

Daily Post, *May* 3, 1727.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has graciously offered her Twickenham country house for the holding of a small and select Literary Summer School, June 17–24. Many celebrated writers have consented to give papers. Lady Mary herself will give "Quills in the hands of Ladies—why not?" Mr. Daniel Defoe "They call me a hack—let 'em!" Doctor Swift "Things I have loathed" and Mr. John Gay "Let us write an Opera." Sir Richard Steele is being urged to come from his retreat in Wales to give "Writing for the Press." It is understood that Mr. Alexander Pope is accepting the invitation despatched to him in error and intends to give "Quills in the hands of Ladies—why not!" Persons of quality are requested not to lend their names to obtain places for others. Enquiries should be made to Lord Hervey (Hon. Sec.) in the care of Leicester House.

G. J. H.

Under the distinguished patronage of His Grace the Duke of Parkstone. Ladies and gentlemen desirous of acquainting themselves with the very latest trends of Contemporary Literature are invited to assist at a Convention to be held from the 2nd to the 6th of June at Sandbourne. The inclusive fee of three guineas will cover full *pension* in the most elegant apartments, together with attendance (which will, however, be at members' option) at a comprehensive series of lectures by *literati* of such international repute as the talented authoress of *The Mysteries of Udolfo*, who will discuss "Why Miss Austen failed as a writer."* By seizing this novel opportunity the advantages of *scholarly intercourse* can be uniquely combined with the gaieties of a *refined watering-place*. Bathing machines will be available for ladies at Sandbourne and for gentlemen at Poole. Apply to the Chaplain, Lincoln College, Cambridge.

J. P. STEVENSON

* Mrs. Radcliffe outlived Miss Austen by six years, dying in 1823.

Any person able to read is invited to attend a Summer School to be held at the first full moon after Whitsuntide (British Reckoning) in this year 966 at Streonshaelh Abbey, Whitby. By kind permission of the Lady Hild visitors will be accommodated in the precincts, but in view of the failure of the last harvest they are asked to bring their own flour. Eggs are plentiful locally, and the proximity of the sea guarantees fish for meagre days. The neatherd Caedmon will recite his poem on the Creation. A harp of three octaves will be available to visitors, but performers on the lute should bring their own instruments. No raid by Norsemen is expected this season, but doubtless most of the menfolk will take the precaution of packing steel helmet and spear.

GOODWILL

CHESS: Hopes Lost or Forlorn.

No. 142

I do not know if there are many apt definitions of a pessimist. The only one I know—and it seems apt enough—refers to a man who insists on wearing his braces and his belt at the same time. In Chess, just as in life, we had better beware of undue pessimism no less than of unjustified optimism. Take this case of a game that was all over (but needn't have been) after six moves.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(4) B-QB4	B-K2
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(5) P-B3	P x P
(3)	P-Q4	P x P	(6) Q-Q5	

Black resigned forthwith; but he need not have taken so pessimistic a view of his own fifth move and of what he considered a crushing rejoinder. He could have continued (6) . . . Kt-R3, (7) B x Kt, 0-0.

Most of the textbooks say that White here could still get a decisive attack by (8) B-QB1, Kt-Kt5, (9) Q-KR5, Kt-B7 ch, (10) K-B1, Kt x R, (11) P-KR4, etc. But K. Richter has discovered that before sending his Kt on the rook-hunt Black can make the useful *zwischenzug* P-Q4, thereby taking much of the sting out of White's attack. Here now is a case of too rash optimism on the part of Black, while from White's viewpoint it meant utter hopelessness turned into a forlorn hope coming true. Had Black simply retreated his K to Kt3 White might have resigned. But Black went fishing in very troubled waters, the bait being the White KRP. After (1) . . . K x P, (2) B-Q2, P-K5, (3) B-K1 ch, K-R6, (4) K-B1, it was all over. The trouble was that Black's second move countered only one of White's threats; by (2) . . . Q-QB1 there was still time to save the day.

A: Selesniev 1949

In this week's competition **A**—White to win—is a very witty piece, but easy enough to be generously rated with 5 ladder-points if I add the little hint that stalemate is frequently avoided by refraining from promoting a P to the most exalted rank. If **B**—White to win—is to be worth 6 points I had better give no hints at all. But **C** should be well worth its 7 points even if I explain that the first stage of this ingenious study contains a *finesse* not too uncommon in combinative chess while the final stage represents a clever P endgame won by White.

B: G. Bernhardt 1948

C: Skuja & Giese 1934

Usual prizes. Entries by June 30.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set May 31

A: Key: K-R6! If R-R8 ch (2) R-R2 etc. If (1) . . . any other (2) R-B1.

B: (1) K-K7 ch, Q-Q4. (2) Q-R4 ch, followed by Q-Q1 etc., if (1) . . . B-Q4. (2) Q-Kt4 ch, B-K5. (3) Q-Q1 etc.; but if (2) . . . K-B4, (3) R-QB3.

C: Key: Kt-B5 ch, followed by (2) Kt-K7 ch, (3) Kt-B8 ch, (4) Kt-QKt6 ch, (5) Kt x P ch, (6) Kt-QKt6 ch, (7) Kt-B8 ch, (8) Kt-K7 ch, (9) Kt-B5 ch, (10) P-B4 mate.

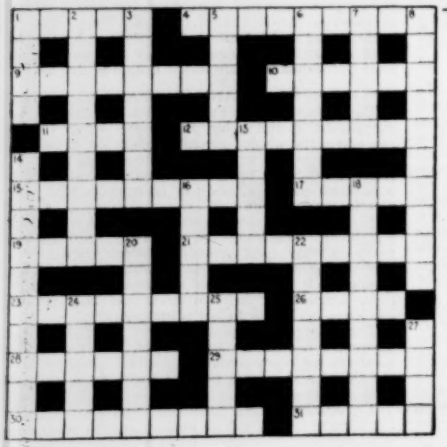
D: Key: K-B1, followed by (2) K-K1, (3) K-Q1, (4) R-K1, (5) R-K2, (6) K-K1, (7) K-B1, (8) R-K1, (9) R-Q1, (10) R-Q8, (11) R-QKt8, (12) R x P, (13) R-Kt8, (14) R-KB8, Kt-Kt6, (15) B x R mate.

E: (1) B-K5 ch, K x B (2) R(8)-R5 ch, R-B4! (3) R x R ch, K-Q3 (4) R-KR5! R x R (5) R-R6 ch etc.

F: (1) Kt-B5 ch, Kt x Kt (2) P-Kt6! RP x P (3) P-Q7, Kt x P (4) P-B7 etc.

While most competitors seem to have taken considerably more time over **A** than Keres some of our cracks (such as D. E. Cohen) took less, and Gerald Abrahams assumes that Keres must have been asleep for 4½ minutes. As for **E**, a good many competitors dropped a point by failing to see the finesse of the Black R intervening on the 2 move. In the final stage of **D** various alternative lines earned full marks. Prizes shared by R. W. B. Clarke, J. C. Cock, F. A. Rhoden, A. Schneider.

ASSIAC



Week-end Crossword

No. 1

(The solution will appear next week)

ACROSS

1. A graduate and no mistake (5).
4. Play barrow (9).
9. Suffering from heart disease? (8).
10. Drink, the sailor's world (6).
11. The money for a female (4).
12. Port is a spirit (9).
15. A murky stream in Lancashire (9).
17. There is a liquid mixture (5).
19. Board of education supporter (5).
21. Useful headgear for golfers? (9).
23. For the suburbs the stout risk being only partly covered by clothes (9).
26. French composer of a Spanish symphony (4).
28. Threaten doom to a mischievous child (6).
29. Enthral by a stage appearance? (8).
30. Catastrophes flower in a Norfolk town (9).
31. An early circumnavigator (5).

DOWN

1. Electricity plant? (4).
2. You can get evens on a famous race here (9).
3. Just the Russian to make a purge of high officers? (7).
5. Fireside game? (5).
6. A kiss let me down in front of a couple (7).
7. "And, having pray'd together, we will go with you. . . ." (Herrick) (5).
8. A mind which is completely blank (6, 4).
13. A group of sacred writings mostly by an unknown hand (5).
14. Fit for the sea? (10).
16. Poe's house (5).
18. Frown caused by press sensationalism? (9).
20. These bonds of affection link G.I.s (7).
22. Orsino's dukedom (7).
24. The reward of private enterprise (5).
25. Characteristic of the Irish, but not of the Welsh (5).
27. The actor sounds enthusiastic (4).

SET-SQUARE

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking, Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere; log fires, home produce; write for booklet.

NEAR Pendine. Homely accom. offered in country hse., own grounds, in beautiful coastal district. Tennis, billiards; safe bathing. Own produce. Terms: 5-6gns. Bus routes Tenby, Carmarthen, Pendine. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carmarthen. Laugharne 25.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

THE Slipway House, Port Isaac, Cornwall. The house that is different. Every modern comfort in an old-world setting of great charm. Directly facing harbour. Boating, bathing, fishing. Good touring centre. Garage. Terms 6-7½gns. Brochure on request: Piggins (Phone 264).

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Gerrionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/5½gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

CO. Galway, Clifden. Rock Glen Hotel, touring centre 12 Pins Connemara. Broch.

MAGNIFICENT Chiltern Hills. The perfect retreat for Rest and Relaxation. The Chiltern Gate Hotel, Watlington, Oxon. Tel. 56. New Owner.

KENT: Stremt Farm House, East Peckham, Tonbridge. Comfd. accom., excellent food. Moderate terms. East Peckham 280.

EDINBURGH, West End, Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Pl., 3. CEN. 4871.

BUCKS. Enjoy a delightful holiday in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Stay at "The Tapping House" Private Hotel, Great Missenden, a charming & thoroughly comf. XVIIth-cent. house. All b'rms. H & C; excel food; pleas. garden. Tel. 516.

ACCOMMODATION in Cannes. Two large double bedrooms, private flat facing sea. £1 a day, breakfast included, per person. Agence Cresp, 71 Rue Antibes, Cannes.

SOMERSET. Cossington Guest House, Nr. Bridgwater. Easy access to sea, golf, fishing. Excellent cooking. Slumberland bedding. Garage Accommodation. Terms 5½gns.

WHITSTABLE Kent. Fiveways Hotel, Tankerton (licensed). Abundant food, first-rate cooking. Beautifully situated in large private grounds, near sea. A.A. approved. Whitstable 5245.

RYE. The Hope Anchor Hotel. A.A. appointed, licensed. Superb posn., ideal for holidays. New management. Rye 2216.

DIFFERENT is the word for Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel in Ashdown Forest. There's good food and comfort too. Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Sharpthorne 17.

THREE sisters invite paying guests to quiet country house S.W. of France. Excellent air and food; reasonable. Meller, Delpit, Logis des Francs, Cherveux (D-S), France.

CORNWALL. Vacancies in Country House Hotel. Own dairy and garden produce. Every comfort and consideration. St. Giles, Wadebridge. Telephone 85.

BRIGHTON: Keehans Hotel, Regency Sq. (facing sea and Pier). Noted for good food, H. & C. all rooms. Terms: 5 to 7gns. per week, full board, private bathrooms extra. Write or phone 23869.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country within reach Eastbourne; comfort and good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing. 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Priv. Hotel. Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

SLIEVE League Hotel, Carrick, Co. Donegal, Ireland. Family hotel, electricity, running water, own garden, 6gns. per week. Close to beaches, safe bathing. Slieve League Cliffs, highest in Europe. Bi-lingual district. River, lake and sea fishing. Bus service. Write for illustrated brochure.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Lovely now. Jersey herd. Golf St. Enodoc. Trout, salmon. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Lundy Bay, Port Quin, Port Gaverne. Under personal supervision Commander & Mrs. Bannerman. Excellent cuisine, all comforts greed. Port Isaac 234.

LAKES. Charm. old mansion. Mod. terms. Mod. conv. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 334.

EIRE. Killiney (6) "Sainthury" overlooking sea. Booking now June and onwards. Guests met at Termini.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers varied meals, comf. & friendly atmosphere mid glorious lake & mountain scenery. Anne Horner. Tel. 568.

SMALL, modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—*continued*

FRENCH Country Inns: modest, clean, comfortable, with appetising meals, in places off the beaten track (by sea or mountain or in the deep countryside) will leave the happiest holiday memories. The new "L.5" list of the "Logis de France" with current prices available on request from the French Government Tourist Office, 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

PARIS, Montmartre: simple, comf. accom., between St. Lazare and Nord stations. English, German, Polish spoken. H. & C. all rms. Bathrm. Single room, 700; double room, 900 (for the two) incl. service, taxes & bkfast. Select Hotel, 30 Rue Milton, Paris 9e.

BEAUTIFUL Cornish Coast, near Polperro. 16th Century cottage, overlooking sea. Cheerful, informal. 5gns. Dinner, bed & breakfast. Mrs. De Linde, Little Lissen Cottage, Polperro, Nr. Looe, Cornwall.

FOR the country-lover: Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London. Good food, sunny rooms, modern house, large garden, peaceful surrndgs. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

SIMPLE accom., friendly people, quiet Pennine valley; bluebell woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. From 3½gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge.

DONEGAL Bay, Eire. Village, Sea, Mountains. Murray, The Manor, Dunkineely.

HASTINGS 4571. Enjoy ideal holiday with Socialist hosts. Terms from 4½gns. (2½gns. off season). Brochure post free. Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

EXETER is the Ideal Centre for Touring Glorious Devon. Torquay, Sidmouth, Buckfast, Ilfracombe, Lynton, Exmoor and Dartmoor, all within sixty miles. Official Guide "G" 1s. 3d., post free, Brochure, postage 2d. Information Bureau, Exeter.

PORTHLEVEN, S. C'wll. Tye Rock Hotel. Ideal for early summer holidays & Honeymoons. Directly facing sea in own grounds; abundant home-cooked fare. A.A. recomm.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —35 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 6gns. wkly., 7-9gns. June onwards. Tel. 1944.

FINHAUT, Switzerland. Lovely mountain village near Mont Blanc. Good hotels and all amenities. Inclusive prices from 17s. 6d. per day. Very easy journey London. U.K. representative: C. Rockett, 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel: Send for Brochure.

HASTINGS. Oakhurst Hotel, The Ridge. Comf. good food, friendly atmosphere. Sun lounge, putting, badminton, tennis. 10 acres lovely grounds. 5½gns. Baldslow 264.

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Drying facilities, hot baths, good food. £4 17s. 6d. p.w. Alpine clothing & equipment & expert guidance available. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

CORNWALL (South). Kennack Sands, nearby to Cadgwith, The Lizard, Mullion; within easy motoring distance Falmouth, Penzance, St. Ives. Quiet, friendly Guest Hse., near safe, sandy beach. Mrs. Smout, Kennack House, Kuggar, Ruan Minor, Helston.

COTSWOLD valley welcomes people of all nationalities. Unspoilt country: home-grown produce: Breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel.: Painswick 2312.

PARIS. Spend your holiday at Hotel de Bordeaux. Latin Qtr. 300-600frs. mthly. H.C. Bath. Billiards. Recently modernised. Eng. spkn. 28 rue de la Montagne, St. Geneviève, Paris V. Metro. Maubert Mutualité.

HYTHE, Kent. Stade Court Hotel. A.A. (3 star), on sea front. H. & C. all bedrooms, Cent. Htg., lift, divan beds. Every comfort. 8-10gns. p.w. Apply Manageress for brochure. Hythe 67146.

FOR Peace and Quiet in lovely surroundings stay at Farringford in the Isle of Wight. Enjoy brisk sea air, wonderful scenery and perfect service at Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.O.W. 'Phone 312. Details: Manager.

BETWEEN Lune Valley & Lakeland. A perfect holiday centre in modernised Georgian country house. Wooded estate. Mod. charges—Yealand Manor, Carnforth.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Eskdale, Wasdale, Great Gable, etc. Sea, Golf, Billiards, Table Tennis. Licensed. Iron Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

HOTEL Reservations? Use HOTAC, the time and money-saving Hotel Accom. Service 93 Baker St., London, W.1. WEL. 2555.

FARM Holidays. Unique Book describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms. 2s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide (Dept. N.S. & N.), 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

Heard about my boy?

He's won that grant

to Cambridge!

Must have brains . . .

And I reckon

I deserve full marks

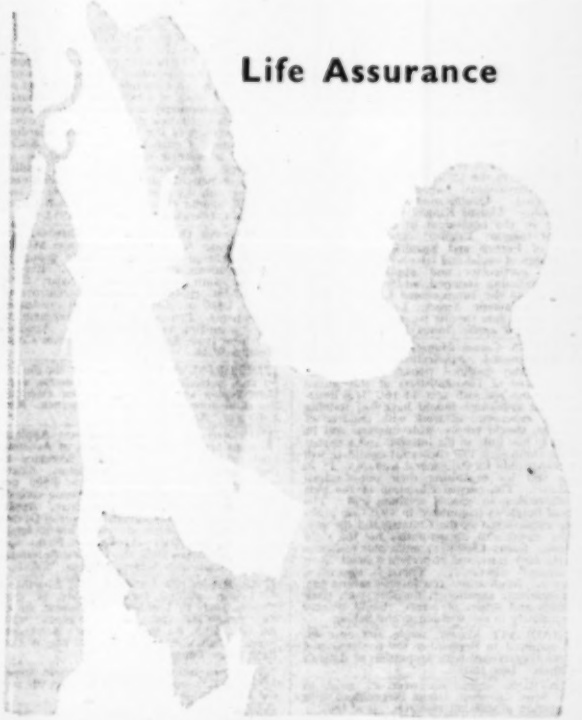
For planning ahead . . .

You know—I couldn't

do much to help

if it wasn't for

Life Assurance



ISSUED BY THE LIFE OFFICES' ASSOCIATION LONDON

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Chair of Architectural Science, which is a replacement for the Chair of Architectural Practice and Construction rendered vacant by the retirement of Professor A. S. Hook. Salary will be at the rate of £2,000 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £200 (Australian) per annum). There is a normal retirement provision on the lines of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities and, in addition, a pension of not less than £400 (Australian) per annum upon retirement after the age of 60 years. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is August 11, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide. Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer in Economics. Salary range: £A600 × £A50 — £A1,000 a year. In addition a cost-of-living allowance, at present £A192 a year, is payable. Commencing salary may be fixed within the scale in accordance with the successful candidate's qualifications. Detailed terms of appointment and a leaflet about the Department may be obtained from Dr. J. F. Foster, Secretary of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. Applications, in duplicate, must reach the undersigned not later than July 31, 1952. A. W. Bampton, Registrar. The Univ. of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia.

UNIVERSITY of Southampton. Dept. of Economics. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Economics. Salary scale £400 × £50 — £500, plus superannuation and children's allowance. Further partics. obtainable from Sec. and Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of Southampton. Dept. of Economics. Applics. are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Statistics. Salary scale £400 × £50 – £500, plus superannuation & children's allowance. Further partics. may be obtained from the Secy. and Registrar.

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer (male) in Belfast. Candidates' educational background and experience should enable them to arrange talks and discussions (Studio and Outside Broadcast) by qualified speakers in agriculture and on industry, social problems and current affairs. Preference to candidates with first-hand knowledge of Northern Ireland. Experience of voice production an advantage. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £1,065. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "N.I. N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

THE International Labour Office invites applications from men and women aged between 23 and 35 years for a post of Member of Division in the Official Relations Division of the International Labour Office, Geneva, Switzerland. Qualifications required: (1) Nationality: United Kingdom; (2) University degree or the equivalent in experience; (3) Mother tongue: English; very good knowledge of French and Spanish; (4) General knowledge of social and labour questions. For further particulars and application forms apply, enclosing stamped, addressed foolscap envelope, to the International Labour Office, 38-39 Parliament Street, London, S.W.1. The closing date for the receipt in this Office of completed applic. forms is July 26, 1952.

THOMAS Coram House, Ashlyns School, Berkhamsted. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the residential post of Housemistress at this mixed school (boys and girls aged 11-16). It is desirable that applicants should have had training and/or experience of work with children of this age, should possess wide interests and be ready to join fully in the interests and activities of the children. The successful candidate will be responsible for the general welfare of 15-20 girls and for organising their out-of-school activities. The normal education of the girls is undertaken by special teaching staff. The school buildings (completed in 1935) are probably unparalleled in the Country and the post offers exceptional opportunities for the right person. Salary £300 per annum plus residence during term time, and at present a small "cost of living" allowance. There is a pension scheme. Applications (no forms), stating age, qualifications, experience, together with testimonials and names of 2 refs. should be sent immediately to the Warden at the School.

GRADUATE Master, single, not over 45, required in September for coeducational school (vegetarian) with proportion of difficult children. Box 1600.

MATRON, single, not over 45, reqd. in Sept. for coed. school (vegetarian) with proportion of difficult children. Box 1607.

PART-time Book-keeper with some typing required for educational body in Kensington. Start autumn. Box 1815.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE British Society for Research in Agricultural Engineering invites applications for appointment at the National Institute of Agricultural Engineering in the following posts: — Scientific Officer to work on physical research problems associated with production of fruit and vegetables. The present programme involves work in connection with the engineering aspect of control of pests and diseases. 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degree essential, and candidates must be prepared to work in field as well as laboratory. Salary scale: £418-£676. Superannuation under F.S.S.U. Assistant Experimental Officers to work on similar problems, but involving general scientific knowledge, with opportunities for candidates who have experience in the development of electronic measuring apparatus. Field work is an essential part of the programme. Minimum qualifications are Intermediate B.Sc., or H.N.C., or Associateship of a Professional Institution. Salary scale: £264 at 18 to £473 at 26, rising to maximum of £555. Superannuation scheme. Application forms obtainable from Secretary, N.I.A.E., Wrest Park, Silsoe, Beds., on receipt of stamped, addressed foolscap env. Completed applics. to reach Secy. within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement.

VACANCIES exist for Assistant Secretaries with Y.M.C.A.s in England. These posts offer an opportunity of full-time service with a world-wide Movement. Applications invited from men between 21 and 30. Applicants should have a sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth, and good health. Write, giving full particulars of experience and qualifications to S/6 Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

KENT County Council. The Children's Committee invites applications for the appointment of Woman Welfare Officer. Duties to include the selection of foster homes and the care of children boarded-out under the Children Act, 1948; enquiries in connection with children appearing before Juvenile Courts, and adoption enquiries. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma or appropriate academic qualifications; previous experience in child care work is very desirable. Salary within the range £440 to £545 (Grades A.P.T. I to III) according to qualifications and experience. The candidate appointed will be required to pass a medical examination and the appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Forms of application and further information may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, Kent, to whom they should be returned not later than July 1, 1952. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council.

CITY of Norwich. Applications are invited for the appointment of an Assistant Children's Officer at a salary in accordance with Grade II of the A.P.T. Division of the Scale of Salaries, i.e. £470 rising by annual increments of £15 to £515 per annum. Applicants should have practical experience of work with children and a complete knowledge of all branches of work of a Children's Department (including adoptions), and be capable of combining administrative duties with case work. The possession of the Home Office Boarding Out Visitors' Certificate, Diploma in Social Science, or similar qualification will be an advantage. Applications stating age, qualifications, experience and present appointment together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Town Clerk, City Hall, Norwich, by June 30, 1952.

THE Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood, has a vacancy for a residential House Mother to take charge of a small family group of children during out of school hours. Experience in youth work desirable. Salary £200 per annum, rising by annual increments of £15 to £320 per annum, plus full residential emoluments. Pension scheme. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Application form from Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Road, S.W.16.

EDITORIAL Assistant required for journal and publicity trade union London area. Shtd./typing and sense of humour essential. For three months only in first instance. Rate £500 p.a. Apply Box 1817.

THE National Union of Students: Applications are invited for the post of Assistant (man or woman) to the General Secretary, to deal mainly with Grants problems. Salary will be on the scale £400 × 25—£500 per annum, point of commencement being according to qualifications and experience. Applicants for the recently advertised post of Grants and Welfare Organiser are asked not to apply again for this post. Application forms and further particulars from the General Secretary, NUS, 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts in London. Permanent, up to £8, temporary (for our emergency staff) £6 10s., 10-5, no Sats. Dutton's Secretarial Service (Agy.), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

NO Conscription Council, Cresthold Street, W.C.1, needs shorthand-typist with zest for Peace; 30-hour week; £4.

SECRETARY for English-German correspondence wanted. Single ladies with good education, competent shorthand-typists should apply, stating age, training & exprnce. Box 9.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIENCED personal secretary preferably under 30 wanted for staff of this journal. Good shorthand-typing, languages an advantage. Apply in writing to Manager, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

PROFESSIONAL organisation requires immediately two competent shorthand-typists, well educated, accurate, with good speeds. Work interesting and varied; one post entails committee work. Apply the Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, W.1.

COOKS and cook-caterer, used to London, wanted for house parties, prof. people. July 25-Aug. 15 or Aug. 1-30. Box 1966.

WANTED Sept.; wkg. housekeeper small household Yorks. Moors; those liking quiet cntry. life, state age, exp., sal. Box 1804.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

STATISTICIAN, Honours Degree Mathematics (Oxon.), post-graduate diploma Statistics, now lecturer in Psychological Statistics at research Institute, seeks research, teaching or industrial post, London. Box 1701.

YOUNG Writer (Broadcast & Published) with experience of the theatre, seeks new field, whole or part-time work. Box 1791.

MAN (30), intel., adaptable, intd. people, arts, everything progressive, shs. useful job. All suggestions welcomed. Box 1788.

YOUNG Honours B.Sc. (Econ.) miserably employed commerce seeks interesting position. Anything considered. Box 1851.

ABLE, energetic, well-educated, versatile young couple seek employment (not necessarily together) in quiet, female, country-side or village. Box 1850.

CHANGE of occupation desired by expd. Housecraft teacher. Suggestns. Box 1832.

INTELLIGENT woman, considerable secretarial, executive experience, accept responsibility, ensure smooth running office small industrial, professional undertaking, or act secretary individual engaged work social importance. Competent, not bossy, liked. Shorthand, typing, fluent German, some French. British born. Free September, earlier by arrangement. London area. Box 1822.

LADY seeks post, London or elsewhere, where opportunity supplement small knowledge of pictures. Box 1803.

GRADUATE, first-class honours Economics & Statistics, Oxford, wide experience research university and industry, seeks interesting, well-paid post, preferably in East Midlands. Box 1666.

WOMAN (46), four years present secretarial appointment, seeks complete change. Interested in people, would travel, suggestions welcomed. Box 1650.

EXPD. sec. S/T., free odd half-days, evenings, weekends. CUN: 0015.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CHARMING s.c. furn. flat Bayswater avail. Reas. rent. Mid-July to Mid-Sept. Suit 1 or 2 students/graduates. Box 1837.

TO let, St. John's Wood, from July 7 until Sept. 22, attractive, fully furn. flatlet (sleep 2) with everything for use. Own bathroom, kitchen, & front door. 2 mins. from Tube. Particulars please apply Reeve, 24 St. Anns Terrace, N.W.8, or phone Pri. 3429.

SEPTEMBER 6, 2 wks., fully-eqpd. flat, N.W. London. Sleep 2-3. Box 1802.

FEMALE (28) offers similar divan room, use kit., bath, S.W.2. Flat. Box 1792.

ACCOM. available in Hostel July 16 to August 11 and Sept. 4-17. Pleasant surroundings, gardens, easy access to West End. Home comforts. Apply early: Warden, 18 St. John's Wood Park, London, N.W.8.

A CHARMING Bucu Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms. with board, reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rooms. Personal attention. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Other meals optional.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

WOMAN journalist, 27, wants another academic/literary person to share her 18th century flat at Blackheath. LEE. 0189.

TO Let: Pleasant single and double room. All cons. Preferably young people. First floor. S. Kensington. FREmantle 2881.

FURNISHED b-sit. rm. Lge. flat. Marble Arch. Basin H/C. C. heating. Restaurant. Breakfast if reqd. £3 p.w. Box 1882.

SINGLE woman offers another (40-50) out during day, small pleasant bed-sit. Occasional companionship welcomed if mutual interests. Painting, music, theatre, walks, etc. S.W.15 district. Box 1736.

B'SIT. rm., nr. canal, Mai. Vale. Gas ring, light, next bathrm. Pleas. ourlk. £2 10s. 18 Park Pl. Villas, W.2. AMB. 1410.

ST. John's Wood. Charm. furn. flatlet. Priv. resid. Reas. Refs. reqd. MAI. 5647.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

TO let. Large sgle. bedroom. Modern flat. W. Hampstead. Bed & brkfst. or full board. Bus. person. Phone HAM. 3122.

TO let, S/C furn. flat from 2nd week July to beg. Sept. 2 lge. rooms, kit., bathroom. Kensington. £4 10s. p.w. Box 1807.

CLEVELAND Sq., W.2. Large well-furn. bed-sit. room, in young lady's flat, with own kitchen, frig., use of phone and Sq. Gdns. Prof. lady only. Rent £2 10s. p.w. Phone Pad. 9876 after 6 p.m.

TO let Westminster, bed-sit.-rm., use kit. & bath. Incl. heat., laundry, cleaning; 45s. p.w. Phone TAT. 8510 after 6 p.m.

WELL furn sml. s/c flat to let July-August, N.W.2. Suit cple. Box 1898.

JULY 28, 4 wks., fully-eqpd. flat, N. Lon. Sleep 3 & baby. Help avail. Gdn. Box 1899.

SUNNY furn. rm., use bath, in attrac. Mews flat nr. Marble Arch. PAD. 0504.

AT West Kensington: Several small furnished flats to let, comprising 1 bedroom, 1 reception room, kitchen and bathroom. From 3½gns. per week. Apply Box 1840.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE flat avail. July, mod. to careful tenant. BM/PNTY, W.C.1.

VACANT now, very large top floor furnd. room Primrose Hill, 30s. p.w. with occasional baby-sitting. Box 1939.

WELL-appointed furnished flat. S.C., 4 rooms, kit., bathroom. All mod. cons. Hampton Court district. July August. 8gns. wkly. incl. daily help. Hogarth, Molesey 3995.

W. Sussex market garden: comfortable dble. room, h.c. Indoor san. Garage. Bognor 25 miles. Very quiet country. 4½gns. week. Dalby, Ifold, Loxwood (332).

DEVONSHIRE Cottage to let furnished, July to mid-Sept. Lovely country near Dartmoor. Completely electrified. Sleep 6. Garden and garage. 7½gns. period. 4gns. Aug.-Sept. only. 16 Hanover House, N.W.8.

IMPOVERISHED family anxious to retain old country house in beautiful productive garden 7 miles Edinburgh, all ancient convens., wd. make flats or let entire. Box 1790.

N. Cornwall Coast. Attractive furn. house to let, July. All electric. 2 sitts., 3-4 bedrooms. Charming garden. Box 1745.

EDINBURGH, mod. bungalow to let Aug. 1-14, accom. children. Box 1715.

TO let furnished: large bed-sitting room in artist's Cotswold house. Good-tempered author or artist preferred. Bennetts, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.

CARAVAN (4 berth) Sussex farm, few mls. sea. Orchard, stream, farm prod. 5gns. p.w. (Aug. 6gns.) Box 1809 or SLO. 2395.

HOUSEBOAT at Christchurch to let, 5gns. p.w. or less for long let. All conveniences. Double & single beds. Box 1643.

S/C. unf. flat urgently reqd. N./N.W. London. Yng. couple & child. Box 1787.

UNIVERSITY Lecturer and wife require un- or partly furnished flat before Oct. W. Hampstead area preferably. Box 1829.

YNG. cple., 2 chdrn., desperately req. cott. flat 40 mls. radius London. Box 1949.

LADY teacher (Univ.) urgently requires furn./unfurn. flatlet or study/bedroom; ground/1st floor or lift. 50s. W.C. dist. or Inner Circle. Ter. 7471, 9-10 a.m./7-10 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL woman reqs. S.C. flat, 2 or 3 rooms, central area. Rent about £150. Reasonable sum for fittings. Box 1853.

UNIV. wmn. lectr. reqs. sml. unfur. pt.-fur. S/C flat fairly cent. London from end Sept. Taylor, Girton College, Cambridge.

WANTED beginning July, comf. flat or rooms by two N.Z. women, own silver, blankets, linen. Prepared take lease year or more. Rent about 18 mnths. Refs. Box 1816.

YNG. cple. (childless) urgently req. small, reas., pref. unfurn., flat, Ealing/Richmond area. Civilised tenants. Box 1796.

TEACHER (f.) requires furnished or unfurnished flatlet, Harrow area, near Watford Line. Box 1678.

WANTED: cottage with garden, any condition, in rural area 1 to 1½ hrs. from London. Pref. Hampshire. Reply to Mrs. D. Forster, Wood End, Linton, Wetherby.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: N.S. & N. 1951, offers; Kraft Ebbing's "Psychopathia Sexualis"; German Linguaphone; Unused Golf Clubs; Dining Table; Ekco Auto-Radiogram, 1951, 3 speeds, L. & S.P., £65; Mono Self-priming electric pump, 230 v., 1.7 amps.; Remington Portable Noiseless Typewriter, recent model, £20; German Linguaphone, complete, perfect; Corona three-bank Portable Typewriter; offers; Complete Linguaphone Conversational Course in Italian, hardly used; £10 near offer; Cycles, New Ladies' and Gentlemen's, £10 each.

WANTED: Rosenberg: History Bolshevism; Handbook Marxism; A pair of Baby Scales.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10, Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

PERSONAL

UNDERGRAD. (f) seeks job during July & August. Experience with children. Apply: S. E. Carson, The University, Reading.

TEMPORARY work required by strong man for 1 month in exch. for keep. Knowledge of farm work. Box 280, Sells, Ltd., Brettenham House, Lancaster Place, London, W.C.2.

MOTHER with 7-yr.-old daughter wishes to spend coastal holiday with family au pair. Help hskpng., children, etc. Box 1784.

YOUNG Austrian, E.-spkg. (daughter of htl.-proprietress) wishes help Eng. fam. Sept.-Dec. Au-pair, if possible. Box 1827.

ITALIAN family offers dble rm. Florence. Full board. Suit students. Box 1849.

STUDENT (m., 25) reqs. vacation work for bed, board & book-money. Pref. agricultural/similar but anything consid. Box 1814.

BACHELOR, mid-30's, wishes change of employment or holiday work—try anything. Wide admin. & exec. training, professional and commercial; all forms of sec. and office work, typing, &c. Sound musical background and knowledge, pianist up to concert standard. Offers and suggestions to Box 1799.

FRENCH boys, 17, 13 years, sk. cultured family able to teach fluent English, as paying guests, summer holidays. Box 1823.

YNG. Engineer sks. place, car tour continent. Drives; foreign langs. Box 1883.

YOUNG S.R.N. Student teacher requires resident post August for one month. Write Buckman, 55 Shere Rd., Ilford, Essex.

FURN. bed-sit. rm. avail. for part-time help with housework, W.10. Box 1783.

YNG. woman, expd. in child & adult education; some French & Italian; secretarial knowledge, needs work in Sept. Box 1805.

RELIABLE med. stud. 22 sks. company interesting people during summer. Any work, drives. Salary only if earned. Box 1742.

MARRIED Stud. cple., c'van, sk. wk., min. month, end June. Wide exper. Box 1676.

BEAUTY, seclusion, gd. food, comf. Farmhse. Devon-Som. border offers all this. Ideal writer/artist/cple. Very mod. Box 1705.

HONS. B.A., 21, s., f., sks. opportunity to train for interesting work pref. advertising/publishing. London/abroad. Box 1876.

YNG. woman (teacher) sks. companions either sex, Y. Hostel tour Naples, Rome, Perugia, &c. 4-5 wks. Fr. July 30. Box 1782.

RELIABLE Car, Wolseley, 14 h.p., 1936. Overhauled. Mechanically sound. Respraying advisable. £220. 46 Evelyn Gdns., S.W.7. KEN. 5652.

LADY wishes share holiday with party going abroad. Details to Box 1635.

HOUSE Party holiday offers tennis, squash, swimming, sailing, dancing. August. Bournemouth. Box 1537.

WEEK-ENDS by sea, cultural, friendly, Sussex coast, 2gns.; whly 5gns. Box 1794.

FEMALE (28) wishes to join party Continental Holiday, pref. Spain. Box 1793.

£30 S. Brittany Coast. Grnd. flr. furn. apartment. 6 beds. Sept. Wel. 3076.

WINTER Holiday. Applics. invited from yng. prof. people to join private party, probably Austrian Alps, perhaps Vienna, prob. Dec. 25-Jan. 11. German-spkg. ldr. Box 1880.

YOUNG dancer desperately needs part-time employment in Paris to enable him complete studies. Anything consid. Box 1704.

BOOK Indexes made. Any subject, any length. Box 557.

JUAN Les Pins. Holidays in a private villa by the sea. Payment in sterling. French cuisine. Box 1209.

GUITAR Lessons after Tarrega, Segovia. Wks. Bach, Albeniz, Flamenco. Box 1479.

GIRLS, British and French, can meet for practice in conversation; seaside summer holiday house-party, Hampshire. £5 p.w. 9 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. KEN. 9661.

ENGLISH boys & girls (5-18 years) can meet young people from Europe and Overseas at Odam Hill School Summer Camp, July 29-September 16. Riding, swimming, in & out-door competitions. R. A. & A. J. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

FOREST School Camps. Adventurous holiday in August for boys and girls aged 6½ to 18. Expeditions and hikes. Trained staff. Apply A. R. Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

TYROLEAN holiday in delightful village nr. Innsbruck. Peasant dancing and music. 15 days £29 5s. incl. Many others to choose from. Booklet free. Alfways, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. Cha. 6436.

SMALL, Homely Boarding House for Children of school age and young people, both sexes, liberal Jewish Religion, has vacancies, long and short periods. The house is run on non-profit-making basis by former Wardens of the Manchester Jewish Refugees Committee Children's Hostel. Charges therefore reasonable. Apply to Warden, Durnwood House, 401 Wilmslow Rd., Manchester, 20.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

PERSONAL—continued

NORWEGIAN and Danish holidays. Few vacancies in a small party to Norway, July 5, or to Denmark, August 2. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 9225.

BONN University Course. 3 weeks inclusive price 21½gns. Write for full details of this and other University Courses to Specialised Travel Service, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.8), 66 Paddington St., W.1. (WEL. 9935.)

WEEK-ENDS in the country with a pleasant group of young professional people; tennis, bathing, dancing, walks, June 27, July 11 and 25 and Bank Holiday Week-end. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 9225.

CONTINENTAL Exchange Holidays invite you to Paris. Selected exchanges arranged. Apply Secretary, Box 1662.

LINGUIST teaches individually English, French, German, Italian. BAY. 8624.

FRENCH gentleman wishes stay Eng. family 3-4 wks. Seaside pref. Some Eng. lessons. Bouffé, 144 Rue Perronet, Neuilly/Seine.

FRENCH conversation (elementary) wanted by educated Londoner in exchange for help with English. Box 1835.

WELL-KNOWN Artists' Agents wish to represent established and new writers of long or short fiction, non-fiction and specialised material. Artist Partners Ltd. (Literary Section), 9 Lower John St., London, W.1. GERrard 1157.

ARTS Festivals, University Courses, Summer, 1952. Festivals at Aix-en-Provence, Avignon, Ascona, Menton, Nice, Engadin, Braunwald, Lyons—14 days' inclusive holiday from 35 guineas. University courses at Nice, Bonn, Kiel, Brussels, Florence, Geneva—3 weeks' inclusive holiday from 21½ guineas. Write for further details to Specialised Travel Service, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.8), 66 Paddington St., London, W.1. WELbeck 9935/6.

INDIVIDUAL Continental Holidays happily arranged for people with decided tastes. If you are open to suggestion, send for our illustrated brochure for ideas. Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. NS, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214/5.

CORSICA. This year make sure of the weather and fly to Corsica for a wonderful sunny fortnight on the Bay of Calvi. London-Corsica by air and 14 days at Camp de l'Horizon £39 10s. all inclusive, leaving £12 spending money. Apply for illus. brochure to: Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. City 7163.

FRENCH tuition by Honours Graduate (lady). BAT. 3870.

SPAIN Travel, 19 Woburn Square, W.C.1. Barcelona, Costa Brava, Sitges, 15 days in the sun. Unhurried & informal. £10 currency allowance taken. Send your vacation dates.

ITALY, 3 weeks at holiday village on coast south of Leghorn £36 4s. London to London (or 2 weeks for £30 19s.). Very inexpensive excursions to Venice, Rome, Capri, &c. Many free amenities. Club Mediterranee, 66 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

CORSICA—14 days' Blissful Holiday with the Olympic Club running for their fifth year their well-known camp. Near-tropical sandy beach, sports, entertainments and excursions over this fascinating island. By train 33gns., all incl. By air 38gns., all incl., leaving about £13 spending money out of your allowance. For full details apply Corsica Dept., Fregata Travel, Ltd., 122 Wardour St., W.1. Phone GERard 7407.

SWIM without tears in 6 lessons. Tel. Tat. 8850 before 10 a.m., after 9 p.m.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC. 0820.

CORFU (Greece). 3 weeks' holiday for £39 19s. London to London with a day and two nights in Rome. Very inexpensive excursions to Athens, etc. (Or 2 weeks' holiday £34 19s.). Many free amenities. Only a few vacancies left. Club Mediterranee, 66 Great Russell St. London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

AUSTRIA by air, Zell-am-See, Dolomites, Salzburg, Vienne: few vacancies for gentlemen. Fortnight £32-£35 10s. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS. Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

IMPECUNIOUS but aesthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap, antique furniture. Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

NATURE Cure in Action. Qualified Practitioners, discussions and demonstrations. Organic farm & creative workshops. Brochure: Sec., Blunham House, Bedfordshire.

IF you wish to distribute advertising gifts at Christmas or on any other occasion please inspect our large range. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue N/4 Richard Hochfeld (London), Ltd., 28 Archway Rd., N.19.

PSYCHOLOGIST, Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

YOGHOURT made from milk easily & cheaply at home. Details: Yalacta Products Ltd., Dept. P., Poplar Rd., Shipley, Yorks.

HALL, Leic. Sq. Meetings, Classes, Socials. By the hour. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Tuition in Ballroom Dancing for All. WEL. 4841.

PERSONAL—continued

MENTON, the ideal holiday place, offers swimming, sunbathing, and is a fine centre for excursions to Avignon, Nimes, Arles, Tarascon, and the beautiful countryside of Provence. Among the holidays arranged amidst the mountains and lakes of Austria, many also offer facilities for visiting the Salzburg Festival. Alternatively, we can offer tours of Germany, of the Rhineland and of Upper Bavaria, visiting Stuttgart, Augsburg, Munich, Salzburg, Berchtesgaden, Mittenwald and Garmisch-Partenkirchen. For further details of these and many other holidays, write to the National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1. EUS. 2184.

A NEW Conception of Travel Abroad. Experienced motorist has arranged five different tours to Western Europe using a luxury British coach in the same way as a private car to visit places of beauty and interest. Several days' stay at selected centres in Austria, Switzerland, Germany, France and Belgium. Total outlay 31gns. for 14 days—includes travel, food, accommodation, gratuities and excursions. Please state vacation dates and tour preferred. All formalities arranged. Tours can be joined at very short notice. Dominion visitors welcomed. A brochure containing maps and itineraries sent on request. Departures from London, Tunbridge Wells or Dover every week from June to October. Mr. N. S. Leroy, 12 St. John's Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent. (Tel. Tun. Wells 2180.)

UNUSUAL Holiday: Come and make, decorate and play a musical instrument. Summer School, day/res., Wimbledon, Aug. 2-16. Apply Mrs. Rigg, Washington, Sussex.

JUGOSLAV Holidays: Departure every Sat. 16 days £26 or £29 incl. Holiday Friendship Service, 445 Strand. Send S.A.E.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (JB/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

CARAVEL Press prints books of Memoirs, Poetry, Family Histories, etc. Editorial Service. 85 Bedford Gardens, London, W.8.

CHILDREN'S Holidays — Bournemouth. Our 4th Summer house-party for those aged 7-16: Aug./Sept. Illd. brochure: Junior Holidays N.S., 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN. 2959.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

BOYS' and Girls' summer holidays arranged by Mr. C. Rackett since 1945. This year at Hurn Court, near Bournemouth. Prospectus: 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

PLAYWRIGHTS! Full-length Thrillers (max. cast 8) wanted for Autumn Season at Irving Theatre, Irving St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2 (Whi. 3678). Submission fee 10s. 6d. Close July 31.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

HAZEL Porteous offers prompt, personal and efficient Typewriting Service. MSS., Short Stories, Plays, Theses, etc. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe. Telephone 390.

FIRST-class Duplicating, Typing, etc. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. MSS., Commercial documents, etc. Impeccable work. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

LENA Dawson will carry out your occasional secretarial work with efficiency. Own typewriter. Complete knowledge of accounts, etc. BOW 4517.

FIRST-Class Typewriting Service. Commercial Documents. Lit. MSS. Careful checking. Speedy service. Mod. fees. LAN. 8807.

DUPLICATING/Typing by experts. Dictation separate office. Confidential. Miss Stone, 447, Strand, W.C.2. TEM. Bar. 5984.

TYPING/Duplicg. Prompt serv. Puffett, 13 Wellington St., Castle, Northwich.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

AUTHORS' MSS., Scripts, Theses carefully typed. Business documents copied, Stencils cut. Mrs. Taylor, 34 Peel Street, W.8. Park 5504.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc. copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 4879.

GERMAN/English, English/German translation undertaken at very reasonable charge.—Write Herbert Schultan, Flat 2, 36 Fitzjohns Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3.

TYPING, etc.—continued

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please write Box 1618 or tel. BAY. 1786.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"DEMOCRATIC German Report"—independent fortnightly edited by John Peet (ex-Reuter correspondent in Germany). Publishes news articles, factual material about East and West Germany. Specimen trial offer, 2s. 6d. for six months. Order from Collet's Subscriptions Dept. (N.S.N.), 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

"HISTORY To-day," a brilliantly written and richly illustrated monthly magazine, helps to give the general reader an intelligent appreciation of History—essential to the understanding of present world trends. Price 2s. 6d. from newsagents, booksellers, or 30s. p.a. from HTI, History To-day, 72 Coleman St., E.C.2. Specimen copy on request.

E. M. FORSTER describes Aldeburgh, Benjamin Britten writes on "The Composer in our Time", Eric Crozier on "Writing a Libretto", and 'Auntie' publishes some memories of Norman Douglas in current issue of Adam International Review, now running in its 20th year (2s. 6d. per issue, 20s. annually from 28 Emperor's Gate, S.W.7).

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 8s. 6d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN Cat. 48: Gesamtausgaben, etc., over 1,000 items. Libris, 38A Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

WE buy books and find books. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

SUMMER Pie: Britain's Brightest Holiday Magazine. 1s. 6d. All profits to charity.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

SELSEY, Sussex. £5,500 for quick sale. Attractive, modern, detached house, freehold. Good sea views. 3 bed., 1 dressing, cloakrm., 2 recep. (oak strip flooring). Tiled bathrm. and kit. Garage. Garden. Box 1828.

WOODEN Bungalow, Bracknell, ½ acre, pine & heather, adjg. Crown Land (key). 7 rooms, shed. El., main water, septic tank. Buses, shop, swimming pool. 2 mile Sta., village 1 mile. Freehold, £2,100. Box 1826.

FURN. cottage, 2-acre field, mountain stream—4 miles Bala. 2 bed., 1 lge. sitt., Elec., Calor Gas. Elsan. £1,000. Box 1749.

WELL-stocked lock-up Bookshop for sale, W.C.1. Moderate rent. Easily managed. Must sell. £850 inc. Tel.: Ter. 8703.

MISCELLANEOUS

SPACE in kiln available for clay sculptures and pottery. 8d. per 50 cubic inches. Call or write: D. Higbee, 22 Pane St., London, W. Kensington.

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. Phone SLO. 9595.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. 'Phones: Shoreditch 3859/6046.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

A DISPLAY of Metal, Wood and Cane Garden Furniture can be seen at Heal & Son. Please write for new Garden Furniture Catalogue. 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Pancek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903.

SCHOOLS

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking. Prep. school for boys. Old-established but not old-fashioned. Sensible schooling in appropriate setting. Hobbies encouraged.

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co.ed., 2-12. Fees £40 term. Good academic results. Children/parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M. Winter, B.A.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

ENTERTAINMENTS

WINTER Gdn., Hol. 8881. Evs. 8, Sat. 5 & 8.15, Th. 2.30. Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Rosamund John, Norman Wooland in "Dragon's Mouth" by J. B. Priestley & Jacquetta Hawkes. Ends June 28.

ARTS Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.), St., Sun. 5 & 8. "Hobson's Choice." Mems.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. "Barrier Across Europe." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mems. (Sub. 2s. 6d. p.a.).

IRVING, Whi. 8657. Evs. (ex. Mn.) 10.30, Sun. 9. "Swing Back the Gate," a nostalgic revue ending June 29. Mems. 5s. yr.

IRVING, Wh. 8657. Evs. (ex. Mns.) 7.30, Suns. 6.0. "They'll Arrive To-morrow." by Natan Shaham. Ann. membership 5s.

COMEDY, Whi. 2578. 7.30, W. 2.30, S. 6 & 8.30. Theatre Workshop in "Uranium 235." Special Party Rates.

"THIS Way to the Tomb," by Ronald Duncan. Nocturnbulists, S.W. Essex Tech. College, E.17. June 25, 26, 27 at 7.30. 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. LAR. 6661 and 2272.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until June 22. "Sylvia and the Ghost" (A). From June 23: Jean Marais, Danielle Darrieux in Jean Cocteau's adaptation of "Ruy Blas" (U.). Paintings by Dennis James in foyer.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3311. June 22, 7.30. "Pimpernel Smith" (U.).

PAGNOL'S Classic "Fanny," and Shorts, June 26, 7.30. Members free, Guests 2s. in advance, Hammersmith Film Society, Town Hall, W.6. RIV. 6011.

"WESTERN Zone": Thrilling new Hungarian film, showing for British Hungarian Friendship Society members and friends at a London cinema, Sunday, June 29, at 10.45 a.m. Send for free tickets to Sec., BHFS, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2 (encl. S.A.E.).

ILFORD New Era Film Society. Sunday June 29, 7.30. Ilford Town Hall, "Battleship Potemkin" (U.S.S.R.) and Shorts, with exhibition of paintings by Soviet children. Membership 5s. per year. Miss M. Apling, 45 Hatley Ave., Ilford (VAL. 8406).

TWO Invitation Pianoforte Recitals by pupils of Dorothy Hesse, Wigmore Hall, Thursdays, July 3 and 10, at 7. Tickets may be had at Box Office, Wigmore Hall, and Miss Hesse, 109a Earl's Court Rd., W.8. Stamped addressed envelope must accompany all applications by post.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Tuesday, July 8 at 8.00. The Society for XXth Century Music presents Dr. Edith Sitwell, Hedli Anderson, etc., Stadlen, Walter Leigh, Alexander Young, Peter Racine Fricker & George Weldon with the Chamber Ensemble of The London Symphony Orchestra in works by Arnold Schoenberg ("Pierrot Lunaire"), Jacques Ibert, Peter Racine Fricker & William Walton ("Façade," with Dr. Edith Sitwell in her original part). Tkts. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., & 2s. 6d. from Royal Festival Hall, WATerloo 3191, the usual agents & Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W.1. MAYfair 7600.

MODERN Symphony Orchestra, Northern Polytechnic, Holloway, N.7. Saturday, June 28 at 7.30. Magic Flute Ov., Seiber Greek Songs (Maria Piccaver), Tchaikovsky #1. Concerto No. 1 (Graham Mitchell), Haydn No. 94 in G. Stravinsky Divertimento. Cond.: Arthur Dennington. 6s. to 2s. NOR. 1686.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc. Sun., June 22. Musical Evening given by Elvie Jacobs (piano) and Sarah Crown (soprano), accompanied by Phyllis Perkins. Salon of the Arts Council, 4 St. James' Sq., S.W.1, at 7.30 p.m. Refreshments. Members 3s., Visitors 4s.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. Pianoforte Recital by Hans Block. Sunday, June 22 at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., June 21, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tkts. 4s.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club, Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

MIDSUMMER Eve in a summer garden. Dancing from 8 p.m. Music, buffet, members' bar. M.C.: Donald Bisset. Sat., June 21, 7.30-11.30. Tickets 3s. 6d. (double 6s.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8 (behind Barkers).

WMA Summer Garden Party at 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, Saturday, June 28, at 2.30. Concert recitals (adm. 6d. ea.): "The Ramblers"; "Peace Puppets"; Ewan MacColl—folksinger; Joshua Glazier, violin; Hosna Durra, French & Martiniquaise folksongs, British, Czech & Bulgarian folk-dancing; teas & refreshments. Adm. 6d. Unique evening film show: "They Met In Moscow"; Soviet musical; "May Day, London, 1951"; "Festival Youth Parade, London, 1952." Adm. 2s. (WMA members); 2s. 6d. visitors.

RIVER Dance on Thames Steamer, Hampton Court to Westminster, June 21, 7-11 p.m. Tickets 15s. 6d. single, 27s. 6d. double, from Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PATRICIA Burke, Roger MacDougall, the Film Panel of Author's World Peace Appeal, invite you to a Midsummer's Eve Party, June 25, 8.30 p.m. Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead. Free drinks. Adm. 7s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED New Turnstile Print Renoir's "Printemps à Chatou," £2 5s. plus tax £1 1s. 5d. On show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. N.E. Corner Lincoln's Inn Fields.

STANLEY Spencer, Ruskin Spear, Bawden, S. Boswell, Hurry, Minton, Pasmore, Rowntree, Weight, Guttuso, Leger, Lurçat, Pignon, Picasso—at the second great "Artists For Peace" Exhibition, 10.30-7.30 till Sun., June 22 (Last 3 days). Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, Russell Sq., W.C.1. Adm. 1s. All works for sale. Prices to suit all pockets.

RAVENNA Mosaics. Arts Council Exhibition of mosaic replicas. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till June 22. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8; Sun., 2-6. Adm. 1s.

15 NEW Zealand painters. Irving Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq., W.C.2. June 24-July 19. Mon.-Fri., 9.30-5; Sats. 9.30-12.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Important Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Exhibition at 142 New Bond Street, W.1. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1. Until July 25.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council. A selection of Lithographs, Lino Cuts and Silk Screen Pictures on the 2nd floor at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Mobiles by Lynn Chadwick, and Paintings by Roger Hilton.

"TOMORROW'S Furniture." Work of leading British designers. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Weekdays 10-6. Sundays 2-6. 1s. Members free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. H. Gaudier-Brzeska: Sculpture, Drawings.

BOWMAN'S, Camden Town High St.: Colour Lithographs by members of the Senefelder Club. Closing June 30.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily, including Sundays, 10 to 7.

ROYAL Society of British Artists. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Summer Exhibition. 10-5. Adm. 1s.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Contemporary Jewish Artists. June 10-July 4. Admission 1s.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. "Expressionist Painting."

LEFÈVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th & 20th Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Hunterian Collection lent by the University, Glasgow. Adm. free. Wkdys. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Undergd.

BLACKHEATH Art Society. Fifth Annual Exhibition, Tranquil Hall, Blackheath Village, S.E.3. June 22 to July 6. Daily 11-7, Sundays 2-7.

TIRZAH Garwood. A Memorial Exhibition. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till June 28. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday 10-6, Tuesday, Thursday 10-8. Adm. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Osbert Lancaster; Richard Eurich, A.R.A., & Alan Reynolds. Group of oil panels by Ethel Walker & Derwent Lees. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closing June 28.

HEAL'S Top-floor Flat. Furniture for present-day needs on view on 4th flr. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Paintings 1918-1950 by Jean Metzinger. New Sculpture, Paintings & Drawings by Giacometti, Moore, Marini & Manzo. Private view Tues. June 24, 3 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD Artists Council. Sat., June 21-July 5. "Hampstead Places and Faces." Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 3 Lichfield St., W.C.2. Exhibn. of Paintings by Durga Lall. Daily for 2 wks., 11-7 p.m. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

MARYLEBONE Fabian Society: K. Zilliacus on New Fabian Essays. Foreign Policy. Dinner-meeting Tuesday, June 24, 7 p.m. Classic Restaurant, Baker St., W.1. Non-members 5s., phone CUN. 7141 for details. Also note next month (July 22): Ian Mikardo, M.P., will discuss other aspects of the Essays.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Marjorie Nicholson on "Central African Federation." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1., at 7.30 p.m. Tues., June 24. Visitors 2s.

EMRYS Hughes, M.P., Victor Yates, M.P., Alex Comfort, Stuart Morris, Sybil Morrison, Mona Bentin, Robert Horniman, Sam Walsh, in Trafalgar Square, Sunday, July 6, 3 p.m. "Britain—Bridge or Battlefield." Organised by Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1. EUS. 5501.

"KOREA—Two Years of War." Public protest meeting. End Korean War. Return all prisoners. Chairman, Mr. S. S. Silverman, M.P. Speakers, Mr. G. Bing, Q.C., M.P., Mr. S. Swingler, M.P., Tuesday, June 24, Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. 7.45. 6d. Britain-China Friendship Assoc.

"A HAMPSTEAD Dissertation," by E. F. Oppé and F. R. D'O. Monro. Wed., June 25 at 8. Studio Ho., Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London Fabian Society. Lord Pakenham: "New Fabian Essays—An Evaluation." Wed., June 25, London School of Economics, 8 p.m. All welcome.

"MY Visit to the Soviet Union," by Emrys Hughes, M.P., Thursday, June 26, 8 p.m., under the auspices All Nations Social Club (non-political). Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

SOUTH Africa Conference: Saturday, June 28, 2.30-8.30 p.m. Alliance Hall, Caxton Street, S.W.1. Chair: Harold Davies, M.P.; Speakers: Vella Pillay (S.A.); Michael Muller (S.A.); Basil Davidson. Tickets 1s. 6d. Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria Street, S.W.1 (or at door).

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "A Personalist Ethic." Wed., June 25 at Conway Hall at 7.30 p.m.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. June 22: S. K. Ratcliffe, "The Changing Mind of England." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10): Meditation & Gita at the Centre every Sunday 5.30 p.m. Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., June 26, 7.30 p.m. "Yoga in the Gita." All welcome.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. June 22: "Theosophical Work, Its Purpose and Methods."

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Thursday, June 26. Lecture by Dr. F. M. Lehmann, "Schopenhauers Wille in der Natur und die Lehre von der Lebenskraft." Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Admission Free.

SOCIETY for Sex Education & Guidance: Mrs. R. Westerman on "Adoption: Its Problems and Solutions." Wed., June 25, Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Adm. free.

G. E. O'DELL, "Catholicism, Protestantism, and Human Nature." At the Ethical Church, 4A Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., June 22 at 11 a.m.

"THE Universal Search for Reality." Miss Hilda Yarrow. Sun., June 22, 7 p.m., Theosophical Society, 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

"A New Future for the Colonies". I. Stonehouse, I.Y.C., Tues 24, 8 p.m. 14 Chelsea Emb., S.W.3. (W. Afn. Studts. U.)

"SCIENCE—For Peace or War?" Public Meeting at the Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1, Mon., June 30, 7 p.m. Main Speaker: Professor F. G. Gregory, F.R.S. Addresses from Dr. M. Vahrman, Finsbury Science for Peace Group, 12a Marlow Court, Willesden Lane, N.W.6.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, Film Show, "Village Revolt," at 20 Pont Street, S.W.1, on Tuesday, June 24, at 7.45 p.m. All members and friends invited to see this outstanding comedy. Admission free. Silver collection.

SOCIAL—Reception to four recent visitors to Hungary—Mrs. P. Kones (worker at Austin Motors, Rhum), Mrs. Searle (Ealing Women's Assembly) attended Hungarian Democratic Women's Federation Conference. Mrs. S. Ferguson visited her home and family with her husband, Mr. M. Ferguson; hear their experiences first-hand. Also special feature—Ewan MacColl, author of "Uranium 235," singing British folk and work songs. Sunday, June 29 at 7.30 p.m. British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Adm. 1s. at door. Refr. ments available.

SHAW Society: Dr. Rattray on "The Subconscious in Shaw." 57 Dean Street, W.1, June 27, at 7 p.m. Admission free.

LE Club du Faubourg, 6A New Compton St. Tem. 3003. Mme. Nedet: "La Faune de St. Germain des Près." Lundi, 23 juin, 8.30 p.m. Non-members welcome.

TO all Labour Parties: Abingdon Constituency Labour Party will hold their Annual Fete and Rally at Buscot Park, Faringdon, on Monday, Aug. 4 (by kind permission of Lord Faringdon). Reserve this date for a day out for your members. For further details apply Agent, 27 High Street, Abingdon, Berks.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance requirements, Inter., and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ord. and Adv.), London, Oxford, Cambridge and others, Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc. Mod. fees; instalments. Prosp. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TOUCH-typing. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk.kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

ASHRIDGE. Vacation Course, July 7-17. Syllabus includes a series of lectures and discussions on Britain's Economic Problems, the Commonwealth, International Affairs, Shakespeare's England, Contemporary Poetry. Motor-coach visit to Oxford and to Stratford for performance of "Macbeth." Applications to Secretary, Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts. Tel.: Little Gaddesden 3161.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., W.1. Tel.: Mayfair 4640-5805. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Nationals. 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel.: Gerrard 8581-2. Intensive daily classes and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificates, short or long Courses; enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ACCOUNTING Secretaryship Administration. North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., London, N.W.5, offers intensive full-time general commercial course for young men & women intending to become professionally qualified business executives. Next course September, 1952-July, 1953. Call, write or tel. GUL/iver 1154, ext. 11.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing. Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. (Mrs. Whorwell.) BAY. 2816.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

BRITISH Film Institute's Summer Film School, this year organised jointly with the Scottish Film Council, to be held Glasgow, Edinburgh, August 11-23. First week: Studio Theatre Glasgow; second week in Edinburgh to coincide with the opening of the Festival. Residential accommodation (single or double) in University halls in both cities. Distinguished lecturers, including Dilys Powell, John Grierson, Max Ophuls and Sir Compton Mackenzie. Particulars and draft programme from British Film Institute, 4 Great Russell Street, W.C.1 (Museum 0581).

FABIAN Summer Schools throughout August, 1952, at Hope, Derbyshire (2-9); Beatrice Webb House, Dorking (9-16); Kingsgate College, Broadstairs (16-23); Frensham Heights, Farnham (23-30). Speakers will include: A. J. Champion, M.P.; Anthony Crosland, M.P.; R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.; Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, M.P.; George Darling, M.P.; John Edwards, M.P.; Wilfred Fienburgh, M.P.; Geoffrey de Freitas, M.P.; Rita Hinden, Roy Jenkins, M.P.; C. E. M. Joad; Lord Listowel, Norman MacKenzie, Ian Mikardo, M.P., John Parker, M.P.; Sir Leslie Plummer, M.P.; Mary Stewart; Michael Stewart, M.P.; Rt. Hon. P. Gordon Walker, M.P.; Fred Willey, M.P.; H. V. Wiseman, Dorothy Woodman, Rt. Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P., Konni Zilliacus. Full particulars from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

INTERNATIONAL Summer University from July 19 to August 16 at Keele Hall, University College of North Staffordshire, to be attended by students from all parts of the world, to discuss "The Anatomy of Internationalism," Sponsored by N.U.S., W.U.S., and U.N.S.A. Engs. to the I.S.U. Secretary, 8 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. July 29-Aug. 12: International Seminar; leader Dr. C. Gattegno. 1st week, Education for service v. education for leadership; 2nd week, The British culture. Aug. 15-29; Sensory Summer School, Freedom and the discipline of reality. Full details from Secretary.

OXFORD Educational Holidays, English for foreign girls, long short periods July 1-Sept. 7. Languages, cookery, dressmaking, secretarial, many expeditions, tennis, riding, boating. Brochure: Principal, Stroud Court, Eynsham, Oxford.

SCHOLARSHIPS

SCHOLARSHIPS for Study in Yugoslavia. The Council for Science and Culture of the Yugoslav Federal Republic offers three scholarships to university teachers, research workers or undergraduates of British universities for study during the session 1952-53. Awards for shorter periods may also be made. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Controller, Education Division, The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W.1. Closing date for applications: July 19.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 753, 754, 755

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.